THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
DECEMBER 1927

Correspondence

Anti-feminism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

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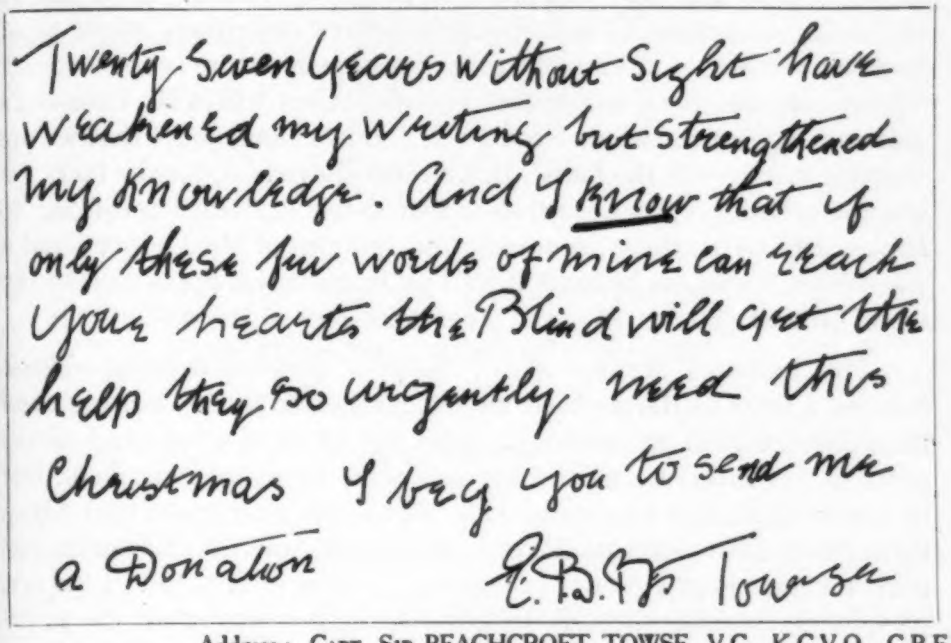
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really work as you say it does? he can only answer, as I said before, by references to stray sentences from Manù or Rousseau; and since quite obviously large numbers of women are not as he describes, he gets out of the difficulty by a verbal quibble. They are, he declares, *de facto*, abnormal, and consequently to be suppressed. As a matter of fact, it is unwise to make comprehensive definitions about what human nature is, or even ought to be, for human nature is not an exact science. Most of us are not prepared to admit the truth of Mr. Ludovici's diatribes against the whole female sex, and he cannot *prove* that we are shutting our eyes to the facts when we disbelieve him, for the facts are not forthcoming. There are no incontestable statistics testifying to female depravity; there are merely the opinions of Mr. Ludovici and a few others, set up, as he himself tells us, in conscious opposition to the views of most people today and most great men of the past.

Mr. Ludovici accuses me of using a question-begging epithet because I refer to the feminist movement as universal. Mr. Ludovici has misunderstood my meaning. I did not speak of a universal movement in the sense of a movement supported by every individual, but of a movement that was world-wide, and there is no doubt that today throughout most parts of Europe, Asia, and America the emancipation of women is in a greater or less degree being striven for. I did not presume to estimate the achievements of the movement nor the possibilities of its duration and ultimate success. Mr. Ludovici did this for me when he assured us it would go on and prosper. He also, it is amusing to note, used words which create the impression that he believes feminism to be universal in the sense in which he understands my use of the word. "Modern society," he says, "is thoroughly and deeply saturated with feminist prejudices and ideas." Consequently, it seemed to me, and still does, that he is guilty of the logical fallacy of which he accuses me. He admits that feminism is universal, yet says it is the creation of a minority.

To make assurance doubly sure, however, he declares that a minority can permanently force its will on an unwilling majority, and cites the Protestant Reformation, the great Rebellion, and the Soviet regime. This is scarcely the place in which to enter into an historical argument, but may I say that I think Mr. Ludovici would find most historians disagreeing with his point of view? The Reformation, where it was successful—that is in England, Holland, Scandinavia, Scotland, and parts of Germany and Switzerland—represented the triumph of a number of powerful and widespread forces—religious, political, and economic, whose existence was apparent long before the final outbreak, and whose emergence, sooner or later, was inevitable. If Mr. Ludovici believes that the Reformation in England was imposed on a hostile majority—and there is more ground for this view with regard to England than to the other countries—how does he account for the fact that under the Tudors there were no serious rebellions—though the situation under Elizabeth was peculiarly favourable—and that under the Stuarts, though James I came to the throne only

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seventy years after the first reforming measures, the attitude was so overwhelmingly anti-Catholic?

As for the great Rebellion, true, it was successful, but it is an admirable illustration of my point. *It did not last.* Cromwell's arbitrary systems of government and morals alike were swept away in 1660. In so far as the Commonwealth was the expression of the fundamental English objection to tyrannical rule—i.e. the outcome of the struggle against the unconstitutionalism of Charles I—it was not a minority movement and its work was not destroyed.

With regard to Bolshevik Russia, it is obviously too early to make predictions; even if Bolshevism is going to create a new precedent, it has not had time to do so yet. If Mr. Ludovici desires to pursue this subject, I suggest that he should read Elton's "Revolutionary Idea in France from 1789–1872."

I am sorry that Mr. Ludovici should have the illusion that he is being subjected to unreasoning abuse. Even if he were right, he is scarcely in a position to make such complaints, but perhaps if he read his opponents' criticisms more carefully he might change his opinion.

Yours, etc.,

A. E. LINTON.

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DECEMBER, 1927

Political Portents

Questions for Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Rothermere

By Ernest Remnant

OUR intellectuals hold that wisdom comes by good reasoning. It does not. It comes only from special experience which comes only from extended life.

Goethe said: "There is nothing so terrible as IGNORANCE IN ACTION." It is more of this terrible force that Mr. Baldwin proposes to let loose by enfranchising five or six million young women from the age of twenty-one. Is there any person of middle age who professes to hold all the opinions of his youth, or who regrets having changed them? "When I was your age, I thought as you do," he will say to some inexperienced, callow youth whose impetuosity he is trying to restrain; he would not be pleased to find himself controlled by the youth and his own long experience ignored.

This reflection suggests that a limit should fairly be set to the habit of rummaging in ancient dustbins for statements of opinion to confound politicians who have since made honest and perhaps painful progress along the road to reality. There should be by common consent a Statute of Limitations (Quotation of Political Opinions) Act. In the case of Mr. Lloyd George, for instance, the Conservative Party might well refrain from further references to Limehouse, hen-roosts, or the predilection of pheasants for mangel-wurzels. The more so, since hardly a week passes but that incarnation of mischief emits some fresh and ever more reckless indiscretion. His highly-paid articles in the Hearst Press, deliberately pandering to anti-British sentiment in America, show him as willing to discredit his country for dollars as to debase the peerage for pounds with which he now hopes to buy his way back to power.

I will not discuss the ethics of the sale of honours from the national point of view. Whenever, indeed, they are actually sold, there are no ethics to discuss. The transaction is merely sordid and those involved in it should be impeached. But there is said to be honour amongst thieves. When a corrupt Minister feathers his nest by the sale of public concessions to his accomplices, he defrauds the State, but he usually does his best afterwards to ensure the enjoyment of the concessions to those who have enriched him. In permitting the sale of titles to almost anyone who would pay the price, Mr. Lloyd George, as temporary custodian of the national honour, abused his position more brazenly than any of his predecessors, for, not content with filling the coffers of his party, he now insolently claims sole control of the plunder. Moreover, the major part of these operations was carried out at a time when, at the head of the Coalition, he could appeal to capitalists who, whatever their politics, were united in their opposition to Socialism. Obviously the bait to these aspirants for honours must be the annihilation of Socialism, and where so doughty a knight to slay the dragon as Mr. Lloyd George? In burning words he pictured the growing power of the Labour Party and its objects:

> Destruction of private property and private enterprise, conversion of the whole means of production into one great State machine.

Again, speaking of it as "The New Peril":

> It calls itself Labour, but it is really Socialist. . . . Socialism is fighting to destroy everything that the great prophets and leaders of both parties laboured for generations to build up. Even the political liberty which they built up is threatened. Parliamentary institutions are just as much menaced as private enterprise. The new party (i.e. the Centre Party) want to uproot and to tear up the wild, poisonous berries of Karl Marx in this country.

The famous centre party which Mr. Lloyd George hoped to form out of the Coalition with himself at the head has faded away. But the millions he collected for the war on Socialism remain in his personal control, and, in the interim, his views on Socialism have undergone a remarkable change. On October 23 last, Mr. Lloyd George gave an illuminating interview to Herr Theodor Wolff, of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. It occupied five columns of that Liberal-Socialist newspaper, and in many

expansive moments it reveals Mr. Lloyd George's famous capacity for being all things to all men. Of greatest interest to Englishmen at this moment, and particularly to the providers of the millions to fight Socialism, which have somehow become Mr. Lloyd George's "personal fund," are his views on the next general election.

Without displaying precisely triumphant optimism, Mr. Lloyd George expressed the hope that at the next election there would be a majority of Liberals and Socialists.

Now Mr. Lloyd George certainly cannot hope that of such a majority Liberals could be more than the tail. He admits, however, to a German interviewer, for the first time, what has long been his evident ambition—to climb back into office by the aid of his millions and a coalition with the Socialist Party. Was ever a baser example of political dishonesty? Can his most fervent admirer or his most ingenious apologist excuse it?

If Mr. Lloyd George has been misreported in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, this or any other explanation of the extraordinary statement attributed to him, that he hopes for a majority of Liberals and Socialists at the next general election, would, of course, be widely published, if given to the Press. Can he deny the statement? If not, he stands condemned as having amassed his "personal" fund under false pretences, and of the traitorous manœuvre of leading his forces against an enemy with whom he has either already made a secret alliance or to whom he intends to sell his deluded followers when, like a Chinese general, he can thereby serve his own ends.

Those old-fashioned Liberals who are still counted amongst Mr. Lloyd George's followers must decide for themselves whether they will allow their illustrious, if tattered, banner to be dishonoured by an adventurer using them as mercenaries.

But Mr. Lloyd George has backers as well as followers, of whom the latest and most powerful is Lord Rothermere. Now Lord Rothermere is, above all, a shrewd man of affairs, a consistent and uncompromising enemy of Socialism and a good friend of France. It is difficult to believe—in face of Mr. Lloyd George's open avowal that he hopes for a Liberal-Socialist majority with all that that implies, together with the revelation in the same

interview that his old anti-French bias is as strong as ever—that Lord Rothermere can compromise his reputation for consistency by further lending the support of his powerful papers to the fiction that Mr. Lloyd George is the one man to save the country. His vendetta against Mr. Baldwin, deplorably precipitated by the Prime Minister's direct questions at the Cardiff Conference, is presumably based upon his belief in Mr. Baldwin's inclination to placate the Socialists ("You cannot fight Socialism with Socialism") and his determination to give the vote to women at twenty-one.

But Lord Rothermere must be well aware that Mr. Lloyd George is equally pledged to the extension of women's franchise. It must be assumed, therefore, that he believes he would find in Mr. Lloyd George a more vigorous opponent of Socialism than Mr. Baldwin. He may even, indeed, have received assurances to that effect. Unless, however, Mr. Lloyd George repudiates the *Tageblatt* interview, that illusion is shattered.

In view, then, of Lord Rothermere's declared objects, the sincerity of which there has not been reason hitherto to doubt, and this proof of Mr. Lloyd George's real purpose, Conservatives are entitled to ask for a plain answer to the question: Does Lord Rothermere intend to continue support of a leader whose policy is even more diametrically opposed to his own than that of the Prime Minister? In the absence of any logical reason for doing so, the personal pique which may have been provoked by the Cardiff questions is hardly justification for a step which may split votes and wreck the party. No one could expect Lord Rothermere, certainly not I, to conceal his hostility to the extension of the franchise as proposed. But if he threw all his weight into advocacy of the obvious compromise, to fix the age of new voters, men and women equally, at twenty-five, he would find so large a body of Conservative support that it would stand a great chance of adoption.

It is notorious that the Cardiff resolution in favour of equal franchise at twenty-one was passed with a very bad grace and that many did not vote. Except the Prime Minister and Sir William Joynson-Hicks, it is difficult to discover anyone who is enthusiastic about it. Mr. Bridgeman and Lord Younger are evidently

dubious. Mr. Churchill wishes it could have been postponed. Sir Douglas Hogg (at Bedford College for Women, November 4) expressed himself in terms which preclude him from conscientiously supporting it:

> Equal franchise is an experiment; probably there has never been an experiment on quite such an immense scale. Whether or not it will be a success depends upon the spirit in which the vote is exercised. If the elector in the future regards the vote as a means of getting some selfish advantage for himself or herself, then indeed the State will be in grave danger.

At Manchester, Sir Auckland Geddes, formerly British Ambassador at Washington, referring to the disproportion of the sexes in this country, said:

> We have a great surplus of women. America has not, and until you have lived, as I have lived, in the very heart of the two peoples .... you do not realize what a difference the predominance of women in this country makes to our national outlook.
>
> The influence of that mass of voters affects our whole life. There is nothing comparable to it in America, and the things we do every day, the things our Parliament does, almost as inevitable, shock the differently constituted American opinion.

What reason is there to believe that the majority of politically immature voters of either sex are to be relied upon to resist the temptation to vote for some selfish advantage for themselves, probably illusory, and the more illusory, the more dangerous to the community? There has been much discussion as to the extent to which young women voters will be subject to organized influence. I am satisfied that Lord Rothermere's prediction that about 75 per cent. of those who go to the poll will vote Socialist is a sound estimate. They are of two classes, organized and unorganized. Of the latter, many will not vote at all, and those who do may vote either way. Most of those who work in factories and large institutions are directly under the influence of some sort of union or trade organization, whether they belong to it or not, and their votes will be solidly Socialist. I am able to quote the opinion of a head office manager of one of the great London banks that a majority of the young women employed there will vote Socialist for the very reason that Sir Douglas Hogg fears—a fancied selfish advantage. They have been told that the Socialist programme includes

nationalization of the banks, that their status will be improved, that they will enjoy the privileges, pensions and security of employment of civil servants. Such a bait is within the comprehension of the most limited intelligence, even at twenty-one. The deeper aspects of the effect upon the national economy of State ownership and management of banks are beyond most young ladies, even at the mature age of twenty-five. The careless, selfish motive will, however, certainly operate to the grave danger of the State foreseen by Sir Douglas Hogg.

No one can contemplate the substantial numerical predominance of women voters (by over two millions) without anxiety. For good or ill, apparently, the Government is committed to it. But whatever danger it portends can be materially mitigated by raising the voting age of both sexes to twenty-five. Nothing but weak and purely sentimental considerations can be urged in favour of the lower age. If, as Mr. Bridgeman says, Mr. Baldwin "thinks" he is pledged, let him at least leave the question of age to the free vote of the House. In only one party is there any enthusiasm for his proposal (carefully restrained lest it should scare Conservatives)—the Socialist party, assured as it is that Lord Rothermere's anxiety is well founded. Such is the demoralizing effect of soliciting votes that, to my knowledge, numbers of politicians who in private have expressed (and still express) their dislike of the proposed measure, join more or less perfunctorily in the official chorus of approval. The greater the electorate, the greater the demoralization. Responsibility, experience and judgment will be hopelessly swamped. The sentimentalist and the demagogue will compete for votes. Of the two, the demagogue, as the more unscrupulous and probably the more virile, will prevail, until ultimately, his destructive work finished and the political cycle completed, the ruins of government based on universal franchise will be repaired by autocracy. That may be our fate, but it will be strange if the process is accelerated by a Conservative Cabinet. And no less strange that a Conservative Government should be credited with the intention of shirking its duty of so strengthening the Upper House as to ensure a real safeguard against the excesses of democracy.

The Dawes Plan and the Solution of the Debt Question*

By Jacques Seydoux

[*M. Seydoux represented France throughout the negotiations with Germany and the Allies from* 1919 *until the adoption of the Dawes Plan in* 1924.]

THE Peace Conference failed to find a means of regulating the payment of reparations by Germany. It handed on its powers in that respect to the Reparation Commission which had to determine, by the first of May, 1921, the total of Germany's obligations. Under Article 234 of the Peace Treaty, the Commission was given full scope to examine from time to time Germany's resources and capacity to pay, and to postpone such payments as it might think fit. But it could make no reduction of the total: that could be done only by the Allied Governments.

The Reparation Commission thus had considerable power, and it is possible that, if it had been left to work in peace and had been able to rise to the opportunity afforded by the Peace Treaty, it would have obtained by itself practical and satisfactory results.

Nothing of the kind happened. So soon as the Treaty was signed, it became evident that Germany was trying to elude her obligations. She quibbled over every delivery of coal and over everything else; she displayed a stubborn and complete inertia and did nothing to face the problem of reparation.

On the other hand, the Reparation Commission wasted its time in quibbles over procedure, while the Allied Governments, whose duty would surely have been to wait a reasonable time before interfering and to leave the field clear for the Commission they had created, were for ever intervening. One can say, indeed, that the story of reparations since the signature of the Peace Treaty up to the organization of the Dawes Plan was marked by these three facts: Germany's resistance to every practical scheme to assure regular payments; the impotence of the Reparation Commission to enforce its views; and constant intervention by the Allied Governments.

It would be useless to give here the history of all the

* Mr. Ernest Remnant's article on this subject will appear next month.

different plans, conferences and so on, as they merely accentuated the futility of every effort to settle the reparation question. On May 1, 1921, the Allied Governments were confronted by the failure of Germany to pay the twenty milliard gold marks which, according to Article 235 of the Peace Treaty, should have been remitted at that date; more than twelve milliards were wanting.

On the other hand, the Reparation Commission had just fixed 132 milliard gold marks as the total of Germany's reparation debt. This sum, large as it was, did not even equal the war expenditure of the Allies, for it included only pensions and reconstruction, as it had been agreed that the costs of the war should not be extorted from Germany. Moreover, the Allies, by a strange contradiction, continued to claim from each other these war costs; they were all debtors of the United States, and the Continental Allies were the debtors of England, and on a smaller scale of France.

The Schedule of Payments of London,* notified to Germany as an ultimatum the sanction of which was to be the occupation of the Ruhr, was accepted by her on May 11. The basis of the Schedule was the payment by Germany of a fixed annuity of two milliards of gold marks and a variable annuity amounting to 26 per cent. of the value of German exports, which at that time was about four milliards of gold marks.

Thus, the Allied Governments expected to receive annuities of three milliard gold marks which represented the interest at 5 per cent. and the funding at 1 per cent. of bonds, divided into three classes of which only the two first, A and B, were issued immediately. When, owing to the increase of German exports, the service of the first two series should seem fully assured, the Reparation Commission was to be allowed to issue the bonds of class C. It is known how this plan was carried out.

Germany had, during the first year, to pay one milliard gold marks in cash; it was paid at the end of August, and at once the economic sanctions decided upon in March were withdrawn. But, as the German Government had taken no preliminary steps to transfer

* 1st July, 1921, 12 milliards gold marks, A bonds; 1st November, 1921, 38 milliards gold marks, B bonds; 1st November, 1921, 82 milliards gold marks, C bonds. (1 milliard gold marks=£50,000,000.)

this payment, it was done by selling paper which naturally depreciated. The fall of the mark continued and the disorder of German finance was accentuated. The rest of the payments of the year 1921 were met somehow or other, partly by deliveries in kind, partly by paper marks which the Reparation Commission accepted and kept in its safes, where they are worth nothing today. But the German Government declared itself incapable of paying the first instalment of the year 1922.

The Allied Governments held another Conference at Cannes, and the series of moratoriums began, or rather continued. It was impossible to make an accurate estimate of German exports, of which the figures were completely falsified. The experts, besides, came to the conclusion that Germany's balance of trade had been almost consistently favourable, that is to say, that Germany exported more than she imported; that, in fact, the estimates based upon the official returns could be doubled without any risk of putting them too high. Nevertheless, it was proposed to fix Germany's payments for 1922 at 720 million gold marks in cash, and 1,450 in kind, these payments covering also the costs of the occupation of the Rhineland to which the Peace Treaty had given priority over reparation and which were not included in the sums due under the Schedule of Payments.

The Cannes proposals were accepted by the Allied Governments at the Financial Conference of March 1922 and notified to Germany on March 21 by the Reparation Commission, who gave Germany at the same time also a regular programme of reforms and measures for her Government to carry out; this programme remained a dead letter.

The whole of 1922 was spent in discussions between the Reparation Commission and the German Government, which carried out the payments in cash, but only a part of the deliveries in kind. The credits given to France could not be utilized; the agreements made on this subject with Germany were carried out with so much delay and so many difficulties that they were only beginning to show an appreciable result when, in the month of November, the Government of the Reich demanded a complete moratorium for four years.

The cup was full. In the month of August the French

Government had already proposed to take pledges. It demanded them again in January 1923. Every effort to reform German finance, that is to say, to put Germany in a position of solvency, had failed owing to Germany's deliberate policy of allowing things to take their own course—indeed, of pushing them from bad to worse. Only fear could have any effect upon her. It was then that the British Government proposed a plan, called the Bonar Law Plan, which not only granted Germany the four years' moratorium she asked, but considerably reduced the total of the German debt as definitely fixed on May 1921 by the Reparation Commission, and stripped that Commission of the greater part of its functions by confiding them to an arbitral tribunal upon which the Allies would only be represented by one member, the German Government having its representative, with a neutral to play the part of arbiter between them. A vague control over German finance was indicated, but this control, with which the Reparation Commission had no longer any connection, was confided to a Committee of which the President was the Minister of Finance of the Reich.

The plan was not acceptable and was really impossible. France, Belgium and Italy were unanimous in rejecting it: the Ruhr was occupied.

II

Germany had been, on several occasions, threatened with the occupation of the Ruhr: first at Spa, then in Paris, then in London on May 1, 1921. Each time she gave in. But after the Conference of 1923 it was no longer a question of threats but of immediate execution, according to paragraph 18 of Annex II of the reparation part of the Peace Treaty. French and Belgian troops entered the Ruhr without striking a blow.

The fact was that the Germans never believed the Allies could occupy the Ruhr. A representative of the German Government in Paris said to us one day in so many words—it was in 1921: "You will never occupy the Ruhr. To do so you would need a Richelieu or a Napoleon, and you have neither the one nor the other." We replied: "We shall occupy the Ruhr. It will be a

great misfortune, both for you and for us, but you will force us to do it because you show such a want of understanding, so much ill-will, that there will be a popular upheaval in France and Belgium, and the troops will go of themselves."

The mark fell to pieces with fantastic rapidity. The German Government threw caution to the winds and printed notes in tremendous quantities. These marks served to pay the workmen and to finance passive resistance. They permitted the industrialists to go on with their building programmes while hoarding pounds and dollars.

Some day perhaps the story of the occupation of the Ruhr will be written. The miracles of ingenuity performed by French and Belgian engineers in working railways and mines, in re-opening the coke furnaces, in the teeth of an admirably disciplined population determined to prevent every effort and resolute to oppose everything, will then be known. In the end the balance sheet of the Ruhr, from the point of view of receipts, was established so that the grand total, during the twenty months of the occupation of the Ruhr, amounted to 894,239,569 gold marks, of which a little more than half came from deliveries in kind and the rest from cash payments. Germany by that time had only one thought—to escape from the crushing burden imposed upon her by the occupation of the Ruhr. On May 2, 1923, she proposed to the Allies to pay up to July 1927 twenty milliards of gold marks to be covered by loans and then five milliards in 1929 and five more in 1931.

This totally inadequate proposal, offering no guarantees, was unanimously refused by the Allies. On June 5, the German Government made a new proposal infinitely more interesting, which, although it also was refused, became one of the milestones on the road to the Dawes Plan. This time, the Reich offered guarantees, the first of which was to be furnished by its railways, which would issue ten milliard gold marks' worth of bonds after July 1927, yielding 500 million gold marks yearly interest. Further, the whole German economic system would be pledged to furnish bonds to the same amount, namely, ten milliard gold marks. As an added security, Germany

offered customs receipts upon articles of luxury, tobacco, beer, wine, sugar and alcohol. She asked, finally, for an International Conference to determine her capacity to pay.

All this was clearly very near the guarantees of the Dawes Plan. A little later, moreover, the Belgian Government produced a very remarkable report which suggested the establishment of certain monopolies in Germany to serve as guarantees, a suggestion which approximated to the German proposition.

Finally, on June 20, 1923, the British Government gave its point of view as follows:—

1. The German Government shall undertake to abandon its policy of passive resistance.

2. From the moment that passive resistance stopped, measures should be taken to re-establish the civil administration of the Ruhr and bring about the progressive evacuation of that district.

3. A committee of impartial experts should be set up to advise the Allied Governments and the Reparation Commission respectively upon everything concerning Germany's capacity to pay as well as upon the methods of payment. The co-operation of an American expert should be sought and arrangements made for consulting and hearing German experts.

4. This committee, or another constituted in similar fashion, should advise the Reparation Commission concerning the pledges and the economic guarantees given by Germany as security to the Allies.

5. Inter-Allied conversations should be opened as soon as possible by means of conferences or in some other manner to work out a plan for a general and final settlement.

6. As soon as the pledges and economic guarantees given to the Allies by Germany had come into force, the occupation of all German territory outside the limits fixed by the Peace Treaty should cease.

The French Government replied:

1. That passive resistance must cease before any discussion took place.

2. That the evacuation of the Ruhr would take place only in proportion as payments were made.

3 and 4. That the Reparation Commission was fully

qualified to form an impartial judgment upon the financial plight of Germany and needed the assistance of no impartial experts from outside.

5. That the Commission had all the power necessary to impose a comprehensive and definite financial settlement; to lighten, lengthen, or shorten the execution of that settlement. There was no need to go back upon the principle itself of the settlement or upon the total of Germany's liability. Lastly, the Ruhr would not be given up, except in return for effective payments by Germany and in consideration of these payments.

The Belgian Government replied in the same way as regards the powers of the Reparation Commission.

Finally, on August 11 and 20, the English and French Governments exchanged two Notes in which they stated exhaustively their respective position. These two Notes have been published in a Yellow Book and are thus known to the public. There was a grave misunderstanding between France and England which perhaps might have been cleared up in the course of regular conversations. In fact, the two countries knew that it was necessary to examine the German situation and to present a complete plan for its rehabilitation, for a postponement of payments, and for pledges. But the English wished to give this work to so-called impartial experts chosen outside the Reparation Commission; and the French Government insisted, and rightly insisted, upon the application of Article 234 of the Peace Treaty which gives the Reparation Commission the right to examine, from time to time, the financial situation of Germany.

Regarding the debt question, which was bound up with that of reparation, the misunderstanding arose upon the two following points: the British Government, standing by what was called the Balfour Note, and the arrangement which it had made with the American Government, declared that it wished to obtain from the German Government and from its Allied debtors the total of its debt to the United States—a capital sum of about 14,200 million gold marks. The French Government replied that it had not repudiated its debts and that it would never repudiate them: "We can only repeat that we shall not be in a position to repay our debt to England,

or even to pay the interest thereon, till German payments have enabled us to make good the damage done upon our soil by invasion and by battle."

III

But Germany was collapsing. The mark was falling to zero. On September 26, the German Government declared that it could no longer finance the policy of passive resistance and cancelled the orders which had brought that policy into being. On November 25, the Ruhr industrialists signed an agreement by which deliveries in kind were to be made in coal of which the Allies were in need. From that moment production went forward with great strides, growing rapidly, and each day the growth was greater. At the same time reaction set in. Germany felt that she must set her finances in order. She created the renten-mark, that is to say, she put her taxes, budgets and prices into stabilized money on a gold standard. But this renten-mark was left in the air; it had no basis to rest upon. There was nothing to support it. The moment had come to attack as quickly as possible the solution of the reparation problem. The French Government once again put aside all the different proposals which had been made for a Committee of Impartial Experts and took the initiative, asking the Reparation Commission to apply Article 234 and to convoke experts of its own choosing to examine the financial situation of Germany and the methods by which she could pay reparation.

On November 30, the Commission came to a unanimous decision. It called into being two committees. The first, called the Dawes Committee, is the only one that needs our attention. Its object was to seek a method of balancing the German Budget and to stabilize the German currency.

The other committee, called the McKenna Committee, was to study methods of recovering capital exported from Germany.

The Dawes Committee sat from January 14 till the beginning of April 1924. It handed in its report on April 9. The interested Powers, including Germany, accepted it immediately. M. Poincaré wrote in a private letter to

Mr. MacDonald, which has been published: "The Government over which I preside has accepted without restriction or reserve the conclusions of the Report of the Experts exactly as they have been ratified by the Commission of Reparation."

The Dawes Plan enabled the renten-mark to maintain its value. It held out such hope for the future that Germany regained confidence. At the same time, it seemed somewhat confused and obscure. Everything depended upon the manner of its application. We need not, however, examine its details. It was based, above all, upon the stabilization of German currency and the balancing of the German Budget. It completely reorganized the German bank of issue, whose working was to be superintended by a General Board, half the members of which, including the commissioner, would be foreigners. The resources regularly to be set aside for payments were earmarked. The railways, as suggested by the German proposal of June, 1923, were to issue 11 milliards of secured bonds, and German industry five milliards of bonds, which was half of what the Germans had proposed. Alcohol, tobacco, beer, sugar and customs were to serve as security for the payments from revenue as well as for the other payments. Last, but not least, a foreign loan of 800 million gold marks was to meet the needs of the gold reserve of the new bank and the essential payments resulting from the Treaty in 1924–25. The annuities were fixed—from the fifth year Germany would pay 2½ milliard gold marks, with which should go an additional sum calculated according to prosperity. One entirely new feature in the situation created by the Experts' Plan was the Committee of Transfers, which would allow payments resulting from the Dawes Agreement only if they could be effected without injuring German exchange.

IV

After laborious negotiations the Allied Governments agreed, in London, regarding the application of the Dawes Plan. France and Belgium received ample satisfaction, and the settlement reached in London, though alleged in some quarters to have been distasteful there, was in point of fact the logical result of the occupation of the Ruhr. It is probable that without that occupation

Germany never would have consented to a plan of payments which carried with it the control of her bank, her railways, and her principal taxes, a control which has proved to be perfectly efficacious. Otherwise she would never have paid up the first three annuities so promptly. While before the Dawes Plan we had difficulties and troubles of every sort with her, so, since the plan came into force the question of reparation has been settling itself automatically. It is no longer a political question, it has become simply a technical and financial question. The Dawes Plan, in spite of its complexities, has not only been made to work, but it has worked easily. Once again, in fact, the French and Belgian Governments showed their understanding of the situation; they did not insist on taking the principal part in the execution of the Dawes Plan—they themselves proposed that an American should be given that position. The Agent-General of Reparation Payments is Mr. Parker Gilbert. It is different from the Reparation Commission, where a Frenchman presides. Of the five principal agents of the Dawes Plan, one is French, acting as commissioner for the railways, and one is a Belgian, as trustee for the Railway Bonds.

The first annuity under the Dawes Plan amounted to one milliard gold marks. It was paid without any difficulty, and so it should have been. It was composed entirely of the 800 millions of the loan and of an interest payment of 200 millions on the Railway Bonds. The second was a heavier burden; the budget contribution was 250 million gold marks, and the tax on transportation, which in consequence no longer figured in the budget, produced an equal sum for the Allies. The interest on the Railway Bonds amounted to 595 millions, and that on the Industrial Bonds to 125 millions. A total of 1,220 millions was thus reached. For the following year, that is to say the current year of 1926–27, the sum should have been 1,200 million gold marks only. But a well-conceived agreement, in which all the Governments concerned concurred, enabled this annuity to be brought to 1,500 million gold marks by suppressing certain additional payments which burdened the third and fourth annuities. Thus we shall gradually pass from 1,500 millions in 1926 to 1,750 in 1927, and 2,500 in 1928.

Payments are being made with perfect regularity. The Allies have settled the question of their division among themselves by an agreement concluded on January 14, 1925. Since the London Conference in 1924, there have been no more inter-Allied conferences to discuss reparation. Nothing, indeed, since the peace, has been so important to Europe as the tranquillity given her by the Dawes Plan. In all his remarkable reports the Agent-General of Reparation Payments has been able to say that "on both sides the plan has been carried out with good will and loyalty." A large part of this success is due to those responsible for administering the plan, and notably to Mr. Parker Gilbert, the young American financier who, transplanted to a scene of activity totally new to him and working calmly and quietly, conscientiously and impartially, probing every question to its roots, has obtained results which had been beyond the reach of the conferences and conversations of great statesmen.

The letters exchanged by the Agent-General and the German Government in October last have shown to the public the power of Mr. Parker Gilbert; the German Government was obliged to modify a policy of excessive expenses and unnecessary loans which might endanger in the long run the reparation payments.

How will the Dawes Plan develop? It is certainly a fact that Germany easily bears her present charges and that she has rapidly recovered, thanks to the restoration of her finances which the Plan forced upon her, thanks also to the credits which it helped her to find, and to the return of confidence.

A few figures are necessary to show what I mean. In the spring of 1924 the amount of the gold reserve in the Reichsbank had fallen to 442 million gold marks. At the end of October of the same year, that is, one month after the reconstruction of the bank, its stock of gold had increased to 694 millions, to which must be added 231 millions of foreign currency—a total of 925 millions. On December 15, 1926, its gold reserve amounted to 1,772 million gold marks, to which must be added 460 millions of currency—a total of 2,232 millions against a total circulation of 5,118 millions, that is, a percentage of 52½ per cent. The exchange on New York is slightly above the old parity of the mark. And Germany has

re-established her credit. The foreign loans which she negotiated during the year 1925 and up to October 1926 come to 2,583 millions, and to that sum must be added the 960 millions nominal value of the reconstruction loan raised abroad in 1924.

At the same time the home market for loans reopened and confidence was revived to such a degree that in October last, while the average rate on foreign loans was 7½ per cent., that on internal loans was no more than 8½ per cent. During the first ten months of 1926 Germany borrowed within the Reich more than a milliard gold marks. German commerce is also prosperous. During the payment of the first annuity imports rose above 12,340 millions, and exports were more than 8,147 millions. The balance of trade was reversed during the term of the second annuity; exports increased by a milliard and a-half, and imports dropped to 9,810 millions. There can be no doubt that Germany can easily bear the third annuity of 1,500 million gold marks, and doubtless, too, the fourth. As to the fifth, it will be enough to think about that when the time comes. Finally, it must be noted that during the term of the third annuity, about half of the payments were made practically in foreign currency, the rest being actually payments in kind. The service of the foreign loan, the cash payments under the Dawes Plan, caused no dislocation of the money market. The situation is excellent, and there are no signs that it will not remain so.

A second point must be noted. The experts have had no occasion to modify the London Schedule of Payments and they have left it as it was. Germany still owes 132 milliards at the value of May 1, 1921, at 5 per cent., and that for reparation alone. According to the Dawes Plan, she will pay an annuity of 2½ milliards for all her obligations under the Peace Treaty. Now, it is estimated that Germany had paid up to the coming into force of the Dawes Plan—that is to say up to the beginning of the first annuity (August 31, 1924)—about ten milliard gold marks, including 2,600 millions of capital. The greater part of this sum was absorbed by the expenses of the occupation of the Rhineland. Germany thus has still to pay almost the whole total of her reparation debt. At the lowest estimate it is impossible to put that debt at

less than 120 milliards. Now, 2½ milliards a year, even adding the value of the index,* which can never be more than 500 million gold marks, will never give more than 2½ or 3 per cent. on that sum. This means that if we follow the Treaty faithfully, Germany will never pay her reparation since, if she does not even pay the interest, the funding of the debt is impossible. Even if the Dawes Plan should last a thousand years, Germany, according to it, could never pay off her debts as they were fixed on May 1, 1921.

Such a state of things is manifestly absurd. The Experts obeyed their instructions in setting up a method by which Germany could make her payments, but they took care not to determine the number of annuities, as that would have brought them to a new assessment of the German debt. But the very nature of the Dawes Plan renders absolutely necessary a revision of the schedule of payments arranged at the London Conference.

VI

When and how shall that revision be made? It is bound to come, if we would be logical and avoid the paradoxical situation which would enable the Allies to say to Germany in ten or a hundred years hence: "All that you have paid up to now is only interest on your debt. That debt remains what it was."

Germany at present does not ask for any revision, at least the German Government is not asking for it. But the Press, the Nationalists, and various bodies agitate for a recasting of the Dawes Plan. We should realize that though such a recasting is necessary, and will have to be done some time or other, it will be as well to wait till the Dawes Plan has been in operation long enough for us accurately to appraise Germany's capacity to pay, and the amount of external payment she can make without disturbing her economy.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the Allies have debts to pay abroad. Italy, Belgium and England have signed and ratified agreements on this subject.

France has negotiated agreements in London and Washington but has not ratified them. These agreements concede a substantial reduction of the sum total of the

* The prosperity index under which in certain events German payments may be increased.

debts, so much so that if we examine the situation carefully, we can see that from now on France, Belgium and Italy will receive from the Dawes Plan more than they have to pay England or the United States for their political war debts. In a few years Great Britain will be in the same position and the English will find that they have reached (towards 1935) the conditions laid down in the Balfour Note, in which England declared she would be satisfied if she received from her debtors sufficient yearly instalments to equal her own payments to the United States.

As the Dawes Plan has not fixed the number of annuities, and as no number of them can satisfy the demands of the Treaty, it is evident that the Allies have nothing to gain in abolishing the plan so long as they are obliged to pay annuities to the English and American Governments. It will only be when the Mellon-Baldwin agreement has been fully honoured that we shall be able to say to Germany that we have no further need for her money. And in the interval the sums which France, Belgium and other countries have spent upon their devastated regions will have been covered at least partially.

So far as France is concerned, the payments which she has to make to America and England, according to the Caillaux and Bérenger agreements, will be about 500 million gold marks less than what she will receive from Germany, that is to say, she will be left with an annuity which at 5 per cent., plus 1 per cent. for funding, would be the interest of 8 milliard gold marks, or about 40 milliard francs. Our expenditure upon the devastated regions amounts to about 86 milliards. But it is already something gained to cover the half of that expenditure from an outside source.

In any case, the debtors of England and America have in the Dawes Plan a powerful weapon for the regulation of the inevitable relation between the German reparation and the Allied debts. Certainly nobody would consider it reasonable that the German debt should be definitely reduced if an equivalent reduction did not take place in our indebtedness. Whatever the value of the Dawes Plan may be, an annuity of 2½ milliard gold marks represents at most a present value of 40 milliards. The German

debt has thus already been reduced by three-quarters, a larger reduction than any granted at Washington and London, except in regard to the Italian debt. If the Dawes Plan payments are to be reduced, there must be at least an equivalent reduction in the payments we have to make on account of our own debts. This correlation, this enforced connection between the Dawes Plan and the inter-Allied debts has been well realized by Mr. Parker Gilbert in his report, the conclusion of which regarding this point is noteworthy :—

"It is already clear," he says, "that the turning point has been reached, not merely in the reconstruction of Germany, but also in the larger sense of the reconstruction of Europe that the Experts had in mind. The decision in favour of peaceful reconstruction has been made, and the problem now is one of time and of finding ways and means. What further progress another two years will see, no man now can say. The answer depends upon a great variety of unpredictable factors. . . ." Then the Agent-General for Reparation Payments quotes the concluding sentence of the Experts' report :— "Our plan . . . is so framed as to facilitate a final and comprehensive agreement as to all the problems of reparation and connected questions as soon as circumstances make this possible." And Mr. Parker Gilbert himself adds that manifestly the time for this has not yet come, because "the experience thus far available is still too limited, and it must grow and ripen before it will be possible to form the necessary judgments on the outlying questions involved." In conclusion, Mr. Parker Gilbert expresses the hope that it will be possible " to work out a more general and final settlement that will do justice to the interests of all concerned and at the same time permit Europe to move farther forward on the path of peaceful reconstruction which it has now definitely entered."

Like Mr. Parker Gilbert, Mr. Moulton, director of the "Institute of Economics," who has just published a new book on war debts, concludes his work as follows : "An era of debt discussion and negotiation is now closed. But the fundamental economic principles which have been at issue from the first remain unsettled. The problem of reparation and debts must be taken up again in its entirety within a few years. The Dawes Plan and

the rulings which have followed it are such as to have created what may be called a trial period of about five years. During this time it will be possible to verify the capacity to pay of the debtors and the willingness of the creditors to receive the sums fixed in the aforementioned agreements."

A period of five years seems quite reasonable. It brings us to September 1, 1929, that is, to the first full Dawes annuity of 2,500 million gold marks. Only then shall we be able to see clearly if the German annuities can be maintained at that rate or if it will be necessary to diminish them. To my mind, no matter what the degree of German prosperity may be, that rate is too high. It must not be forgotten that Great Britain has much difficulty each year in paying the American Government an annuity averaging 35 million pounds, say 700 million gold marks. We cannot believe that Germany's capacity of transfer will ever be triple that of Great Britain. We should thus stabilize the annuities, probably between 1,500 and 2,500 million gold marks, on condition besides that the payments in kind, properly speaking, continue on a large scale. But there, too, there must be no misunderstanding. We understand genuine payments in kind to be neither those effected by disguised money transactions, like, for instance, the Recovery Act, nor those effected by the export of produce that Germany would have made had there been no Dawes Plan, like part of the sales of coal to France. Genuine payments in kind should be outside the normal volume of the exports of Germany, and in consequence should, as it were, increase her exports. Thus in the countries which ought to absorb large amounts of payments in kind, huge works should be undertaken, works in which the economic resources of the country concerned can participate as well as those of Germany. There would thus be an increase in German employment and German production, and, finally, up to a certain point, an increase of wealth for Germany and not merely a disbursement.

We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that the Dawes Plan has put future payments of reparation on a solid basis by the creation of the 16 milliards worth of bonds, 11 milliards secured on railways and 5 on industry. It is, of course, understood that these bonds should be

put on the market as soon as possible and sold to the profit of the Allies, who will thus recover a part of their capital debt instead of waiting for it while the annuities are being paid. The sale of these bonds depends solely upon the state of the market. It is naturally better for us that they should be taken up easily and at par, or as near par as possible; otherwise the transaction would involve a direct loss of capital for the Allies. Now, up to the present, in spite of what has been said, market conditions did not permit the sale in England or America of bonds at 5 per cent. unless they were issued rather below par. Thus, instead of a milliard gold marks, the Allies would get only 700 or 800 millions. This makes it clearly to their interest to wait, and, as the price of loans floated abroad —especially those of Germany—is falling daily, we have a good chance of reaching 5 per cent. at par instead of getting farther away from it.

To ensure the successful placing of these bonds, Germany obviously must guarantee the transfer of their interest. For where is a purchaser who would buy a security when an all-powerful committee could decide, year by year, whether the interest on it should be paid or not? The payment of this interest must be guaranteed, as was done for that of the foreign loan of 800 million gold marks. There must be an arrangement about this with the German Government, and the latter has made full use of the situation, particularly after the Thoiry Conversations. It gave out that it would agree only on condition of the immediate evacuation of the occupied territory. That was a very big price to ask for a very little thing. If the Transfer Committee is unanimous in declaring that the time has come to place the bonds upon the market, and that the German Government shall take the necessary steps to assure their service, there will be no room for bargaining, and the German Government will have to accept a condition of affairs that arises naturally out of the Dawes Plan. It is none the less true that, when the day comes to alter the Dawes Plan, the placing of the bonds should first be effected, and it would certainly be a good thing if they could begin to be put on the market before that—if it is possible to do it on favourable terms.

The 16 milliards of bonds bring in, at 6 per cent. (5 per

cent. interest and 1 per cent. amortization), an annual total of 960 million gold marks, of which France—to take her as an example, since she is the largest creditor—gets 52 per cent., that is, almost 500 million gold marks upon a capital of 8 milliards. Now, these 500 million gold marks represent almost exactly the excess of the payments which France receives from Germany over those which she will have to make to England and America, should the agreements of London and Washington be carried out, and that is the same thing as saying that the limit (for this holds good also of Germany's other creditors) below which the German debt cannot fall is precisely 16 milliard gold marks, in the event that the debts of the Allies towards England and America were reduced to nil. That is no more than an indication of future possibilities; but it gives food for thought. There would be nothing extraordinary if, some day, all this accumulation of debts and credits which weigh so heavily upon the European economic system and of which, in point of fact, the Americans have so little need, should become a relatively modest debt bearing upon Germany alone. That would be fully justified, to say the least, both on account of the damage she has done and of her peculiar financial situation, for it must not be forgotten that the German railways have no other debts than those imposed by the Dawes Plan. Alone, of all the railways in the world, they have no capital debt. As to German industry, through the fall of the mark it has paid off all its debts of bonds and mortgages. The 5 milliards of industrial bonds created by the Dawes Plan are far from representing the equivalent of that debt. They become thus a normal charge that German industry can fairly bear if by virtue of the past bankruptcy of Germany it is not to be placed in a privileged position in comparison with every other European industry.

Thus, thanks to the Dawes Plan, the formidable problem of reparation is passing now through a practical and reasonable phase and will surely be fully solved in the near future, if on each side still prevails the loyalty which Mr. Parker Gilbert so justly praised, by means of an equitable and comprehensive arrangement in which, after all, Germany will undoubtedly strike the better bargain.

China. The British Case

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THE British case in China is apt to be prejudiced by lack of appreciation of the fundamental principle of British policy. The British position today still seems to be considered by some people to be the result of an Imperialist policy of deliberate aggression at the expense of China instead of the inevitable consequence of the evolutionary process which, in fact, it is. It has been represented that the so-called unequal treaties have been forced upon China in order to facilitate the exploitation of the Chinese for the benefit of the British. Nothing could be further from the truth. The average Englishman in China is much the same as his fellow-countryman whose lines are more happily cast within sight, or at least within reach, of English fields. He is neither more grasping, less sympathetic nor more illiberal. The British commercial record in China is one of consistent fair dealing to which any independent Chinese of the great merchant class would testify. The so-called unequal treaties were not forced upon China by Great Britain. In the early days of British intercourse there were no treaties. They became necessary by reason of the Chinese superiority complex. The Chinese would not extend to foreigners the rights attaching to citizenship of equal and friendly nations. There was no alternative to definition of the foreigner's position. Even so liberal a statesman as Sir Austen Chamberlain, speaking in London at a lunch to British Delegates to the Chinese Tariff Conference on September 16, 1925, and making what was in reality a considered statement, could not avoid laying the foundation of his survey of Chinese affairs in the following terms :—

> I wish that I could persuade some Chinese of historical knowledge, of statesmanship, and of authority with his own people, to explain that all this system of the unequal treaties was not of our choosing. We did not desire it, it was the minimum that we could ask of a China that repelled the foreigner, that would not give him justice in her own Courts, or secure for him the ordinary advantages of civilized and orderly government.

That it was not the outcome of an Imperialist policy is easily demonstrated.

In the year 1862, when the then struggling Settlement at Shanghai was sorely harassed by the Taiping rebels, a suggestion was made by certain members of the community that Shanghai should become a free city under the guarantee of the four interested Powers. The suggestion was rejected. Sir Frederick Bruce, the first British Minister to China, took the opportunity to make clear the scope of British policy in China.

> Great Britain has no interest except in providing a secure place for British trading establishments.*

The maintenance of this policy is testified by many writers. In "The Englishman in China," a valuable, but little-read book in recent years, Alexander Michie, who was well qualified to speak of these matters, summed up the position in 1900.

> Whatever may be said of other nations, the intercourse of Great Britain and the United States with China, from the earliest period to the latest, whether in peace or war, has had no other object than trade between the nations.†

In a recent monograph prepared for the Committee of Pacific Relations by Sir Frederick Whyte, an independent publicist and liberal observer, the testimony is brought to date in these words :—

> Trade was indeed the sole motive of European interest in China, and from that motive Great Britain, at all events, has never willingly departed.‡

The evidence on which the claim rests can be substantiated by reference to British Blue Books, to many valuable English works, and, last but not least, to the authoritative works of Mr. H. B. Morse, who wrote as an American citizen for more than forty years in the Chinese Customs Service of China.§

Mr. Morse has explained the wars of 1842, 1858 and 1860 and effectually disposed of the charge connected with the first of these, so frequently and so inaccurately referred to as the "Opium War" by detractors of Great Britain. This period Mr. Morse calls the "Period of Conflict." It must not be supposed, however, that

* Further papers relating to the Rebellion, 1863, at p. 87.
† Vol. II, p. 167.
‡ China and Foreign Powers.
§ The International Relations of the Chinese Empire

Great Britain stood alone in the endeavour to establish friendly trading relations. America and France were also interested nations and concluded similar so-called unequal treaties two years after the British Treaty of Nanking, namely in 1844.

With the fundamental rights of trade and residence established the British policy has shown but few inconsistencies and these more apparent than real. In 1898 she negotiated a lease of Wei-Hai-Wei as an offset to the Russian lease of Port Arthur and the German lease of Kiaochau. Fundamentally it was in the interests of China in view of the expansionist tendencies of Germany and Russia, and the idea that Great Britain should take this step actually originated with a high Chinese Official of the day in China.*

About the same time German suspicion of British activities and Russian objections to Chinese railway extensions financed by British money forced Great Britain into agreements defining spheres of influence for railway construction. Russia claimed a monopoly in Manchuria, while Germany insisted on an exclusive railway policy regarding the valley of the Yellow River and the hinterland of her leased territory at Kiaochau. For the sake of peace Great Britain temporarily subscribed to the policy by reserving rights in the Yangtse Valley. Nevertheless of all the railway arrangements concluded during the period known as "the Battle of Concessions," while other Powers secured definite concessions to build foreign railways on Chinese soil, the British effort was limited to the task of financing, under certain limited safeguards, railways which were to be owned by the Chinese Government and did not import any British infringement of Chinese rights. Again, when in 1899 America invited adherence to a declaration of the Open Door policy in China, Great Britain was the first to subscribe to it.

Coming to more recent times, it is true that Great Britain did not take any action when Japan made her twenty-one demands on China in 1915. She was then involved in the war. If she appeared to support Japan rather than China at the Versailles Conference, it may

* The International Relations of the Chinese Empire. Vol. III, p. 117.

be said that the European crisis was so acute as to exclude more distant issues. But it was Great Britain who made the opening for the rectification of these matters at the Washington Conference.

The logical conclusion of British policy is represented by the Memorandum issued by H.M. Government in December 1926. This made it clear that the delay in recognizing China's aspirations has been in spite of the efforts of Great Britain, who again subscribed to a policy informed by Liberalism and sympathy.

Looking back over the past, conclusions in the form of two fundamental facts present themselves. In the first place, in the nineteenth century Great Britain had great opportunities of establishing herself in China, but she steadfastly limited herself to securing opportunities for herself and the whole world for trade. Secondly, the so-called unequal treaties were primarily inspired by Chinese exclusiveness and the differences of outlook between two civilizations of entirely different forms of evolution. It follows that the Chinese are not entitled to say of Great Britain that she has played an Imperialist part, nor can they escape responsibility for their share of the present conditions. A further consequence follows. Great Britain is entitled to ask of China that the present situation be squarely faced and, while she recognizes Chinese aspirations, the protection of British persons and property and the maintenance of legitimate British interests must be assured.

Almost an apology is needed for traversing these well-worn paths and re-stating the aim of British policy. But it is important to make it clear that there is no essential difference of opinion in principle between Britons in England and in China; so at least it seems to the present writer. It is recognized in the Treaty Ports that times are changing and that conditions must change with them as time and circumstances may justify. The only room for difference of opinion is in relation to the extent and method of the application of this principle under existing conditions.

During the present year we have witnessed the attempt to apply in China a principle conceived in Liberalism, defined in terms which are scarcely applicable

to existing Chinese institutions, and assessed, as regards its practicability, on assumptions of unreality.

There are today three main elements in China. In the first place, there are the military chieftains controlling the various quarters of the country, contending for political power and the spoils of office as at any time during the past ten years when the struggle began for the mantle of Yuan Shih Kai. Secondly, there is the Kuomintang with its various shades of opinion, the party of articulate political principles. Thirdly, there is the great banking and merchant class beginning to find expression and the inarticulate mass of the people.

Of these, the first class, so far as it is grouped around Chang Tso Lin, is uncompromisingly opposed to Moscow, and stands, speaking broadly, for the old order. This is the northern group under the pleasing title of Ankuochun, or the Army of National Peace. The second class has been under Moscow domination. It recently affected to purge itself of Communism but is probably by no means free of Soviet influence. The party is, in effect, the so-called Nationalist Party which at present dominates South China, but has so far proved the greatest disappointment to its supporters. It depends, of course, for its existence upon the militarists within its fold. At the moment it is involved in a fratricidal conflict between the Wuhan group, based on Wuchang Hanyang and Hankow, and the Nanking group, which claims to be the Nationalist Government. The question how far Feng Yu Hsiang (the "Christian General") with his forces known as the Kuominchun or People's Army is included in this party, or is merely a militarist at large awaiting his opportunity, remains for future elucidation. Another force of uncertain colour is Yen Hsi Shan, Governor of Shansi, who recently launched an attack on Chang Tso Lin, possibly on the initiative of Feng Yu Hsiang. It is thought that this development may result in the emergence of Wu Pei Fu with a scratch force from Szechuen with a view to throwing his weight against Feng Yu Hsiang who supplanted Marshal Wu by a *coup d'état* in 1924, and seems beyond all doubt to be in league with Moscow.

The third group is mainly interested in conditions

under which the great masses born to agriculture, industry and commerce may be free to pursue the avocations of peace.

It was to the first and second of those groups that the British Government made its offer last February with a view to implementing the policy declared in the December Memorandum. In consequence it was with the second, the southern or Nationalist group, as constituted before the present rift took place and Eugene Chen retired to Moscow, that negotiations took place in regard to the British concession at Hankow, while they were also set on foot with the first or northern group for the modification of the status of the British Concession at Tientsin. At the same time the Washington surtaxes were made effective as against British subjects, and a serious attempt made to solve the problem of British and Chinese relationship by means of an attitude of generous and benevolent Liberalism.

Unfortunately the results have been the reverse of those which were no doubt hoped for. Evidence has accumulated on every hand that the Chinese have failed to appreciate the spirit and intention of British policy. The Hankow agreement, so far from being accepted in a spirit of friendly appreciation, has been interpreted as a surrender to mob violence. The outrage at Nanking, the monstrous humiliation of which could not be told, has been treated as though it were an affair of little moment. The remnants of the small foreign communities along the Yangtse barely exist under the protection of foreign ships of war. At Hankow itself there is the merest shadow of municipal government. The Chinese personnel under the agreement of February last has constantly changed and has now almost ceased to function. The financial safeguards have proved valueless, and the first half-yearly balance sheet shows a large deficit and gives every indication of early insolvency. At the same time there has been the most serious disregard of property rights, many private buildings being occupied by Chinese soldiery and protests proving useless. Finally, the tariff proposals seem to have been interpreted throughout China without distinction of party merely as a licence to impose numerous illegal taxes strangling trade.

It seems clear that the solution of the problems of China will not come by the way of one-sided concession. Gladstone once defined Liberalism in relation to English domestic politics, as "Trust in the People, tempered by Prudence." The spirit of sound sense embodied in the definition is not less applicable to it in other relationships. The gestures of friendship made by Great Britain have evinced sincerity and confidence. But it is necessary that in their application they should be related to the facts: otherwise grave injustice to legitimate interests, and not least Chinese interests, is likely to ensue.

European and American opinion seems to incline to the view that the nations of the West owe China a measure of reparation. One sometimes wonders how far, if at all, this is true. If relationships are unsatisfactory, as has already been pointed out, China at least cannot escape her share of responsibility for their creation. It is impossible to ignore the vast economic structure which has been erected in China by foreign, and very largely British, effort to the immense benefit of the Chinese. If by some political mischance this system should be swept away, the damage and loss to China would be irreparable. At the present time, protected by the comparative security of certain of the Treaty Ports and extra-territorial jurisdiction so far as the majority of the Powers are concerned, it represents the one point of stability in the country. It would appear to be the only avenue through which reconstruction can come, and the treaties alone form its fragile guarantee.

That China's troubles do not come from without but are due to failure within herself has been testified to by Dr. Hu Shih, Professor of Philosophy in the Chinese Government University of Peking, and one of the Chinese members of the Boxer Indemnity Commission, speaking at the annual dinner of the Central Union of Chinese Students in Great Britain on October 9, 1926.

It would be interesting to reproduce at length Mr. Hu's speech, which was a fine example of intellectual independence and personal courage. It is sufficient to give here a couple of short passages, of which the first describes the troubles in China.

On this solemn occasion, the eve of the fifteenth anniversary of the

Chinese Revolution, our thoughts naturally turn to the history of the last fifteen years; and, in the face of the chaotic conditions now prevailing in our country, two questions inevitably arise in our minds: Has the Revolution of 1911 been a failure; and, if so, wherein lies the cause of its failure? We cannot better commemorate this historical anniversary than by answering these two questions squarely and honestly. There is no denying that the Revolution has been a failure in practically all its constructive phases. We have overthrown the Manchu Dynasty, but we have failed to establish a true republic. We have eliminated the old parasitic nobility, but we have not been able to produce great modern leaders to take their place. We have broken away from the old political order, but we have not succeeded in establishing a new one, nor have we been able to check and control the evil forces which have been set loose by the Revolution. In short, fifteen years have passed since the Revolution, and we have so far failed to make China a great modern State worthy of her potentialities.

This description of the ills of China is that of a philosopher taking broad views and disdaining to embark upon a defence of conditions which he feels are indefensible. His explanation of these ills is inspired by similar sentiments.

My answer is a simple one: The Chinese Revolution has failed to achieve its purpose because there never was a real Revolution. There was a downfall of a dynasty, and there was a superficial change in the form of government, but there was no fundamental change in the ideas and thoughts of the people, which, and which alone, can be called a Revolution. As a great nation with a glorious past, China has been too self-conceited to come to a real understanding of the modern world and its new civilization. We have never sincerely and whole-heartedly been willing to recognize the merits and spirit of civilization, and consequently have never earnestly prepared our young men to undertake this great task.

Side by side with the reflections of Dr. Hu Shih may be set the impressions of Senator Guy D. Goff, of West Virginia. Earlier in the present year, Senator Goff visited China and made careful investigations, in order to be in a position to present the true facts of the situation in China to the coming session of Congress. He concludes a survey of existing conditions with these impressive utterances:

The tide of battle sweeps on, bringing victory north or south of the Yangtse as the dice or the dollars may fall. One party advances only to retreat. One war-lord after another sells out and expatriates himself from his country because he has become a millionaire and therefore ceases to be a Communist. The people suffer, their homes are looted and burned, and they are impressed into the army as bandit

warriors, or they are requisitioned as mere beasts of burden for the looting soldiery.

The entire world is personally interested and deeply concerned. The world is involved ethically, morally, religiously, and least of all, commercially. Great Britain, Japan, France, Holland, Italy, and the United States are obviously, seriously and vitally involved.

These nations are confronted with the necessity of choosing between friendly, immediate, inexpensive intervention or a future costly devastating horrible war.

Is China to go on slowly committing national and racial suicide? Is civilization doing its duty when it stands placidly by and sees a great people helplessly, hopelessly and supinely rushing to its ruin? Does civilization answer the test when it does not step in for the sake of humanity and aid those who cannot help themselves? Is the present civilization of which we boast worthy of the name or worthy of continuance, if it allows a nation not only to destroy itself, by ruthlessly murdering its inhabitants, but to destroy its relationship and its place in the family of nations? In a word, does civilization transgress or commit evil when it says: "You have tried for sixteen long years to find your way out, to find even a pathway that leads to the road that brings you to the light, and you have not only failed, but in your failure you have brought waste, rapine and ruin upon a peaceful and prosperous people, and you are also bringing utter and hideous destruction upon those who have the right to look to you for security, salvation and the right to live"?

These are the questions which the Chinese problem includes, and upon their correct answer lies the immediate salvation and the future welfare of four hundred million human souls, and the peace and prosperity and the continued liberty and happiness of the entire world today.

The foregoing review, congested though it must seem owing to the endeavour to create a true perspective, establishes the foundation of the British case upon the following propositions:—

1. The sole object of British policy has been to establish relations of friendship and trade.

2. "The system of the unequal treaties," to adopt the language of Sir Austen Chamberlain, "was not of our choosing."

3. The internal conditions in China, regarded as a whole, are probably worse today than at any time since the establishment of treaty relations eighty-five years ago.

The first of these facts justifies a claim to be above suspicion.

It follows from the second that the Chinese cannot properly refuse to recognize their share of responsibility

for the existing state of affairs. A great economic fabric has grown up, based upon a guaranteed security. Until it is proved that the Chinese can and will protect it and that the foreign element shall only be eliminated by the fair processes of business competition, it is neither just nor politic that it should be imperilled.

The third fact insists upon a halt being called to ask the vital question whether it is wise to risk the extension to the Treaty Ports of the conditions which prevail elsewhere in China. Let there be no mistake in regard to the gravity of the issue here. Nothing less is involved than cutting at the roots of the economic fabric.

Such conclusions, however, need involve no abandonment of the principle of Great Britain's policy which gives rein to the sense of Liberalism instinctive in our race. It is only a question of choosing the time and the opportunity for its application. No reflecting person fails to realize that change is inevitable, certainly not the present writer, who fifteen years ago was sufficiently optimistic to conclude a book on the Chinese Revolution with these words :—

> The West may well extend to China a patient and well-informed sympathy, remembering that if, like Pandora, the Revolutionaries have liberated a cloud of troubles, there also fluttered forth from the fateful box the radiant vision of Hope.*

Dr. Hu Shih has depicted the failure of those fifteen years. But perhaps we need not abandon hope, even though a time cannot be set for the realization of the British policy. The opinion is ventured that the way of salvation must be by methods of co-operation under such guarantees as will ensure the fulfilment of the spirit of such arrangements as may from time to time be found practicable. Apart from racial prejudices, which are not peculiar to the Chinese, it is perhaps true to say that there is no widespread hostility to foreigners in China. At any rate it may be said that, wherever British and Chinese co-operation has been possible without official interference, satisfactory results have been achieved. If something like the " Pax Romana " could be guaranteed to China, the solution of most problems would not be difficult. China today is torn between the savagery

* " The Passing of the Manchus," p. 364.

of the militarists and revolutionary excesses. Between the two the relatively small but very distinguished band of intellectuals and matured students of modern needs, which would command the support of the country at large, is deprived of all opportunity. That is why it is misleading to argue by analogy from India, where there is the British guarantee of law and order and freedom from the extortion of the self-appointed tax-gatherer.

It may be that the time is approaching when some adjustment between the warring factions may become possible through the medium of International action. Meanwhile, failing co-operation between the Great Powers in some far-reaching constructive policy, the only practical British line is one which must seem to those anxious for immediate results, dilatory and disappointing. There would appear to be no alternative to a period of consolidation while cautiously exploring the possibilities of the future. If we have no visible gains to consolidate, we may at least set a limit to our losses. Certain important concessions have been made, notably in the matter of tariffs and the British Concession at Hankow. Before anything further is done we are entitled to require in the matter of the British proposals that while their spirit is respected their extent is not exceeded. For this reason it is necessary to resist encroachment on existing rights. This course is also necessary in order to correct the estimate of Chinese public opinion in regard to the position of Great Britain. Firmness at the present time constitutes the only effective argument. The most liberal and friendly sentiments expressed in the House of Commons do not reach those in China, to whom they are intended largely to be addressed. We cannot compete with the system of propaganda initiated by Bolshevik agents through the medium of the schools. The only hope is to deal with outrages promptly, to resist mob violence and to refuse to bow to the methods of intimidation. It is above all necessary to be insistent on the maintenance of such conditions at the Treaty Ports as will ensure the security of the bases of trade. The importance of this is no doubt realized as regards Shanghai, while Canton is sufficiently near Hong-Kong to avoid causing any permanent anxiety. There is a disposition,

however, to overlook the importance of Hankow and Tientsin and to disregard the smaller ports. Many of the latter may have been so badly shaken that they will hardly survive the consequences of the last few months. Hankow and Tientsin, however, are vital. Hankow has been called and should become the Chicago of China. Tientsin is the only large Chinese port in the north. In direct competition with it are the Russian port of Vladivostock and the Japanese port of Dairen. Once create conditions of business insecurity, with consequent loss of credit at Tientsin, and the decline of trade is assured, not only ruining Chinese, British and other foreign trade interests, but involving the Chinese Government in substantial loss of revenue.

It is not possible within the limits of this article to put forward any detailed constructive suggestion, but generally speaking, it would appear that the future may be assured without embarking upon aggressive measures. In the interests of China, not less than of foreign bondholders, the Customs Service must continue to receive the moral support of the Powers and, if necessary, their protection at the Treaty Ports. The problem of safeguarding the Salt Revenues, or at least a proportion sufficient to meet loans secured upon them, is more difficult but should not prove insoluble. Similarly, the possibility of some form of control or joint control of the railways, many of which are subject to legal mortgages in favour of the bondholders, should not be dismissed as unfeasible. It is not only a question of the foreign interests involved. Still more importantly it is a question of preserving for the people of China the valuable institutions and state-owned enterprises which have been built up. That all problems will be settled ultimately to the satisfaction of China cannot be open to doubt. But before resigning its trusteeship, the world owes it to posterity to feel assured that the surrender is being made to a Government that exists for, if not by consent of, the governed, and has the ambition, and a reasonable prospect, of handing on its inheritance unimpaired.

Remembrance Day in France—and England

By F. C. Sillar

On reflection after the emotional crisis of November 11, I have been struck by the extraordinary unanimity of feeling with which the Day of the Dead has been kept in England and in France. To the French, of course, *Le Jour des Morts* has always been a day of deep meaning, but it is only since the war that we in England have come to realize as a nation the meaning of remembrance of the dead. During the actual years of fighting it was as individuals alone that we mourned for those who died—do not let us think of the phrase as hackneyed—for King and Country. The appalling casualty lists never stunned the nation as a whole as the bereaved were stunned, but after the first shock acted as an inspiration, an incentive to fresh efforts, to greater sacrifices.

This was as it should be. Resolutely, mourning for the dead was postponed until the work for which they had given their lives should be completed. 'Reverently mark the graves, be tender with the bereft, but do not count your losses till all is over.'

We have just passed the ninth anniversary of the end of the war, and it is only now that the nation is beginning to understand the magnitude of its loss, to appreciate the heritage left it by the dead. The evergrowing national insistence on the sacredness of Armistice Day, the passionate interest in the dignified commemoration of the fallen, the demand for the yearly ceremony of homage at the Cenotaph are signs of this awakening. We are in a transition stage. The grief of the individual is becoming merged in the nation's sacrament of remembrance. The years since the war which have brought us to a deeper knowledge have left us full of thankfulness for the spirit of those who sacrificed themselves for us. As we remember Him whose sacrifice was the basis of their

religion and ours, so we remember them who also died that we might live.

It has needed the dreadful death roll of the war to prove to us in England the true unity of the living with the dead. There is a class—thank God, their number is rapidly dwindling—whose cry has been, "Look to the living alone—forget the dead!" Today, few could deny those whose graves are in every continent and every sea, to whom we all stand debtors.

In the realization of this great fact, we are apt to look on the newly-found need for a day of communion with the dead as a discovery of our own. Yet for centuries before the war such a day has been a vital element in the life of the Latin races.

Even now, one is apt to imagine *Le Jour des Morts* and *La Toussaint** as days of rather morbid melancholy. Actually they are days of remembrance—as a festival of the Church, *La Toussaint* is a day of rejoicing, of reassurance of future reunion.

In every little village throughout Belgium, France, Italy, preparations are made for many days beforehand. All the flower shops, all the nurseries have had the festival in view for months, and by the end of October, windows are filled with chrysanthemums—for it is with chrysanthemums that nearly all the people decorate the graves of their dead.

La Toussaint must be experienced to be understood. And to appreciate the experience to the full, one must enter into that peculiar simplicity of mind which is perhaps to be found only in Latin countries and especially in France. One might almost term it "optimistic fatalism," for it is a quality, or rather an attitude, which takes things as they come, with a child's faith.

Certain it is that, had there existed before the war in this country the national observance of a day in each year dedicated to the remembrance of the dead, it would have been not a festival full of the promise of reunion, but a day of unrelieved sadness, of uneasy gloom.

Perhaps it is because hypocrisy is not one of the

* Strictly speaking *Le Jour des Morts* and *La Toussaint* are distinct days—November 1 and November 2. *La Toussaint*, being a national holiday, is the day on which the ceremonies are generally held and the graves decorated.

besetting sins of the French that *La Toussaint* has kept its charm. Charm it undoubtedly has; the charm of deeps touched on lightly but unerringly. And who can rival France's gift for pointing a profound moral in a light phrase?

I suppose that in childhood everyone has been taken by an old nurse at some time or other to the local cemetery "for walks." I can remember myself the ghoulish interest I took on these occasions in the more imposing mausoleums with their rusty gates and chill dark entrances full of the suggestion of grisly things within.

This attitude—and who does not know it as part and parcel of our wintry view in these matters?—has no place in the French mind. And I think this fact is due at least in part to the wisdom inherent in their national celebrations on *La Toussaint*. The children are taught that there is nothing really terrible in death—it is nothing but a milestone—the manner of its coming may indeed appal, but apart from the trappings lent it by superstitious humanity, it is not ugly in itself. The unity of the spirits of the departed with those of the living is shown to be a commonplace. And so one visits the graves of the dead every year on a day set apart for the purpose and one decorates them with bright flowers just as one might quite naturally take flowers to a friend at Christmas.

It is remarkable that since the war the spirit of *Le Jour des Morts* has been extended to our war graves and cemeteries in France and Belgium. On *La Toussaint*, as usual, the people will deck their own graves—afterwards bearing the same spirit of devotion to the local British cemetery. There the school children—taught to think with gratitude of the sacrifice made for their sake and for the sake of their country by the soldiers of another nation—will lay flowers; the Maire or Burgomaster will place wreaths and exhort the people to show the same duty to the graves of their gallant Allies as to those of their own incomparable soldiers.

In many towns and villages this homage paid to the British dead has developed into a definite ceremonial, which sometimes takes place on All Saints' Day and sometimes on Armistice Day.

Very moving are some of these ceremonies, all carried out with that simplicity and spontaneity inherent in the French.

The town bands, the police, the fire brigade, all take part, and what would perhaps be slightly self-conscious in England is only dignified and impressive in France.

Here is an account of one of these ceremonies at Hazebrouck last November; it tells vividly how, ten years after the war, when the shattered ruins which remain to countless British troops their only memory of the town, have been miraculously replaced by modern buildings, the citizens still keep faith with the dead left in their keeping by their ally.

"On this All Saints' Day, under the too familiar leaden sky of Flanders, there gathered in the Grand'place a throng of townsfolk to do honour to the dead of two nations. Among them were delegations from the various societies of the town with their embroidered banners, the *Souvenir Français*, the *anciens combattants*, veterans of the 1870 and Mexican campaigns, troops in brilliant uniforms, and many children.

"The various groups after review by the Abbé Lemire, well known to the British as Maire of Hazebrouck, marched in procession through crowded streets to the cemetery where French and British lie side by side under the shadow of the Cross of Sacrifice. No need to tell you of that Cross or of the white headstones set in smooth lawns and splashed with the bright colours of flowers. They are too well known as the mark of every British war cemetery. In spite of the lateness of the season many flowers were still in bloom and the whole presented a picture of loveliness that one never associated with a cemetery before the war.

"The ceremony itself was of impressive simplicity and disarming of anything approaching cynicism.

"In a fine address the Abbé Lemire spoke simply and naturally to his citizens, reminding them—if in these surroundings reminder were needed—of the tragic days of the war and exhorting them never to forget those of the French and British nations who had willingly sacrificed their lives in the defence of the liberty of civilization

and for the sanctity of treaties, and who now lay at rest as comrades in death in this silent city of the dead.

" One of the British officers who were taking part in the ceremony then addressed the people, after which the Abbé, coming forward to the dais from which the speeches were made, took him affectionately by the arm and turning to the people, asked them to say after him the Lord's Prayer.

" In a speech of rather striking significance in France, the Sous-Prèfet, representing the Government of the Republic, besought his hearers to purge their minds of hatred for their late enemies who, like themselves, mourned for countless thousands who had given their lives for their country no less than the soldiers of Britain and of France.

" The ceremony came to an end with ' God Save the King,' and the ' Marseillaise,' after which wreaths and flowers were laid at the foot of the Cross by the Abbé and the townsfolk, and by the British representative."

Yet there are some who say that the comradeship of the war is forgotten, that the old national antagonisms are again swaying the minds and policies of the French and British peoples! Surely these ceremonies disprove it. At Ypres, again; there, in Belgium, the story is the same. In the Grand'place with the Cloth Hall still in ruins, a perpetual reminder of the ruthlessness of war, there gathered on November 1 a great concourse of people to do honour to the memory of the Belgian and Allied troops who fell in the Great War. Wreaths were placed on the Town War Memorial and at the Menin Gate, that temple of British heroism. Later a service was held in Ypres Town Cemetery where flowers were laid on the British, French and Belgian graves.

I have had the opportunity of seeing accounts of numbers of such ceremonies, particularly those held in the battle areas—Dieppe, Le Havre, Boulogne, Calais, and all along the coast—up to the line, Ypres, Poperinghe, Messines—right away down the front to the Somme and in the base cemeteries at Amiens, St. Omer, Rouen, Abbeville.

In many one reads of special marks of respect paid

to the British; in Amiens, someone had placed a Union Jack in the British plot; and almost everywhere flowers are placed on each British grave.

In all France it is the same. The French papers are full of accounts of such ceremonies. By our devotion to our dead, by our care of their graves, we have touched the heart of a people who know, better than ourselves, the eternal truth of such things.

There is no sign there that the friendship of France or Belgium for Britain is growing threadbare. The voice of the dead is as clearly heard as it was nine years ago; it is more clearly understood. "Friends speak to friends of a peace that cannot be broken." The bonds between the three nations are incomparably strengthened by the passing of their gallant youth together through the fire. The inevitable misunderstandings which arise between high-spirited peoples of divergent genius can no longer shake the foundations of that friendship.

And surely we have grown closer to each other through the new-found community of spirit with the dead. It is a spirit which is profoundly understood in France. Our late Allies perceive its growth and realize that there is after all an essential similarity of outlook, that we are at one with them in the verities, that our dissimilarities are only skin-deep. Their spontaneous remembrance of our dead, the honour they pay in their own generous spirit to the graves of our men who lie in their lands is the sign of their new understanding.

Who shall say that in this new unison of spirit born from the unforgotten dead there does not spring the hope of eternal friendship between our nations?

Notes from Paris

Union Nationale to Continue.—A fairly definite lease of life until the General Elections next May seems now to be assured to the Poincaré Cabinet. The Socialist-Radicals, whose allegiance to the Coalition was in question until the opening of the new session, made their attitude pretty plain at their Party Congress which was held in Paris at the end of October. They intend to dissociate themselves entirely from the Conservative parties of the Coalition for the election campaign, but they deem it prudent to support M. Poincaré in Parliament so long as he remains a national hero, which means for the time being.

This general attitude of the Party has been confirmed more recently in spite of the behaviour of some of its Left wing, who have persistently voted against the Government in the Budget debates in the Chamber. There has always been a little block of Socialist-Radicals who are more Socialist than Radical, and it is they who now cannot bear to see themselves outbidden in electoral demagogics by the Socialists before their constituents, and furiously demand extra millions of M. Poincaré to raise the pay of postmen or the pensions of elementary school teachers. When he refuses, they vote against him in high dudgeon, and save their reputation as champions of the people's rights.

L'Expérience Poincaré.—Their number is not large enough to put the Government in the slightest danger, and even they would not, in the present state of public opinion, care to take the responsibility for overthrowing it. Socialists and Radicals alike are now agreed that they will let *l'expérience Poincaré* run its course. They reckon that heavy taxation and bad trade will cause the Israelites to start murmuring against Moses just about election time, and count on forming a new *Cartel des Gauches* at the polls.

Perhaps they reckon without Moses. M. Poincaré may be able to provide manna unforeseen. In any case he intends, as soon as the Budget is through the Chamber, to make a big fighting speech in which he will give the country a new programme, and tell it plainly what it has to expect if it does not fall in with it. This will help to clear the issues for the elections, but there are still

five months before the polls, and his chances there really depend on whether or no the manna is forthcoming.

The Franco-Yugoslav Treaty.—The task of the chronicler of foreign affairs has become a difficult one; a kind of silly season has settled down in international politics. One by one the great problems which arose out of the war and the Treaty of Versailles—reparations, the adjustment of Germany's relations with her neighbours, her disarmament, her admission to the League of Nations, inter-Allied indebtedness, etc.—have been dealt with and provisionally settled. Now that these great staple topics have faded from the pages of the newspapers, all other current news seems puny. The result is that such diplomatic incidents as do occur tend to be given an exaggerated importance.

So it was with the treaty between France and Yugoslavia. To judge from the comments of certain newspapers, the signature of this two-years-old agreement might have been an entirely new and somewhat disturbing departure in French diplomacy. In fact, it was merely another step in the French scheme of giving moral support to those States which are vitally interested, like France, in maintaining the terms of the 1919–1920 Peace Treaties.

Its implications in the case of either country being involved in war are contingent on the action of the League. If Yugoslavia were attacked by another State, France would accept her position as one of the countries which, under Article 16 of the Covenant, would be invited by the Council of the League to intervene to keep the peace. But it is clear that, if France took up arms to help Yugoslavia without the sanction of the League, she would herself be breaking the covenant. Similarly, if Yugoslavia were the aggressor, France would be bound to implement any sanctions against her which the League might decree, and the Treaty makes provision for this. In no case would its terms be in contradiction to the obligations of its signatories under the Covenant of the League.

Brigandage in Morocco.—The French authorities in Morocco cannot be very well pleased with the two outrages recently committed on the fringe of the settled

zone. In the first case, a foreman named Arnaud, in charge of road construction, his wife and another Frenchwoman, were murdered by brigands from beyond the border near the town of Khenifra. The two little Arnaud girls, who were with their parents at the time, were carried off into the Atlas mountains to be held to ransom. Khenifra is well within the territory of tribes which have submitted to the French Protectorate, but the murder took place on an open road and at dusk, whereas instructions had been given to Europeans in that area not to leave their settlements after sunset on account of the risk of attack. In the second case, two French settlers (both of whom were connections of the Resident-General, M. Steeg), accompanied by two ladies, had gone beyond the border of the pacified zone, and were kidnapped by marauding tribesmen. This party, as well as the two little Arnaud girls, were eventually ransomed after protracted negotiations, for a sum which is said to have equalled about £50,000.

These two incidents both happened miles away from the districts frequented by tourists and cannot be held to reflect on the order maintained in the French zone. The French have to reckon with predatory and semi-hostile tribes beyond their frontier, like the British in North-Western India. It is impossible for them to guard against occasional raids in the border districts. In both these cases the victims had disregarded warnings and instructions, and had only themselves to blame. The facts will, none the less, be a blow to French prestige, and it can only be expected that the raiders will become more daring until they are taught a lesson, since their brigandage has proved so profitable on this occasion. Military expeditions against these hill tribes are a costly business. It has been the French policy to win them to submission by establishing markets near the border and encouraging them to trade their hides and wool for the food which they need. The French will now probably close these markets by way of reprisal, but in doing so they will be bound to punish a number of friendly tribes near the border, who are ripe for submission, in order to touch those to which the raiders belong and which lie beyond.

From Lombard Street to Limerick

By "Pat"

MR. COSGRAVE governs again, with his majority "increased from two to six"—the first general election ever inflicted anywhere for a difference of four votes; but this majority depends on the party of six agrarians, who can turn out the Government any time they like. These, and the twelve Independents, become the real Government—at least in their power to dictate policy. The one sign of sanity is the drop all round in the small parties, of which several have been abolished. Captain Redmond comes back with a single follower, and by appointing him party Whip he ought to be able to avoid a split. On the whole, Mr. de Valera gains ground, and may get a decisive majority next time unless Lord Birkenhead sends back the Black-and-Tans to support his friends in the Free State. Stability is not yet. As a matter of history, settled order seldom follows revolution before the leaders have largely killed each other. France was, and Russia is, an example.

While hunger threatens, an adventure in the economics of money goes through the Dublin Parliament, unanimously backed by the 90 per cent. or more who know nothing about it. For perfect unanimity there is nothing like perfect ignorance. We may regard it as an institution now. They call it the Currency Bill, but it is much more than that.

The aim is for financial independence and a separate currency, but it remains quite subject to British credit in both respects. There is no attempt at a separate unit of value, and the only wisdom of the "independence" is in its self-contradictions. Apart from metallic "tokens" for change, the new currency is all paper, and there is nothing to give this paper an exchange value but the belief that it has behind it British sterling, and behind that, British power, productive and defensive.

The scheme starts by inventing a new institution.

"The Currency Commission" must be permanent, and intends to dodge the deficiencies of economic law, as seen by a big majority of uneconomic legislators; but this is only the mechanism. The motive power is provided in another original invention, called "legal tender notes," and they must be the only legal tender in practice. While permission is postulated "to coin gold," the official recommendations are strong against it, as if there could be any danger of finding any gold in the Free State now, where it disappeared with the Union; but we must remember that this Parliament is in Ireland, and that Irish irony is not quite dead, if drowsy. No matter what else may disturb the paper equilibrium, it is not to be done by gold, for gold is effectually barred, though British credit, based on gold, is the foundation of the whole contrivance. All things British must be repudiated, but the repudiation depends on everything British.

It is unfortunate that institutions so important must be invented. They would be so much better grown, but the "atmosphere" is against growth of any kind, and if we cannot grow, we had better invent them. As growths they are naturally autonomous, and go on growing without knowing it, like a healthy infant in its sleep. As inventions they must be constantly watched, artificially patched and expensively overhauled to see that they may not damage the purpose for which they are intended. The Free State Constitution is an admirable instrument of this kind, full of the good intentions that need nothing less than murder to defeat them; but the Dublin Parliament appears to be recruited mainly on the assumption that Nature is a fool, and human nature the most foolish part of it.

There is just a chance that these weary experiments in surplus legislation may yet lead to something useful. When the last of them has failed, the essential questions must stand out clear from the verbal smoke and the tactical inveracities: "What is wrong with our 'atmosphere'? Why can we not grow institutions in it? Why not try a little mental and moral ventilation to oxidize the social system and turn the collective brain to vital activity?" On the other hand, we have history in general to show how strategic fiction can falsify the

collective vision to prolong a profitable tyranny for more than a thousand years.

The method of originating the legal tender notes is unprecedented, probably from America, where they would naturally prefer to try it on the Irish first. Professor Parker-Willis, who presided over the preparation, came from Columbia University, while Irishmen much better qualified for the task remained unmentionable at home. The professor's legal tender notes are issued and allotted to the banks by the Currency Commission. The banks pay for them "pound for pound" in British sterling or its current equivalent in funds. The present money and securities of the Free State banks are appropriated by the Commission for the Government in return for the paper, which costs only the printing, and will require to be kept at par as a charge on the State. There was no need for State props at the expense of the taxpayer to keep up the credit of the existing bank-notes, now to be displaced.

With the moneys and funds annexed from the banks, the Commission now go to work as financiers and investors, in competition with the banks they have exploited, and, of course, the profit they make must be at the expense of these banks as the product of a financial service hitherto controlled by the bankers only. In effect, the Commission become bankers, with the working capital taken from the other bankers by force, and sanctioned in legislation, so that the line between law and robbery becomes rather uncertain. As the understanding becomes clearer, the language becomes stronger, for the bankers do not like this way of banking, though they vote "unanimously" for it in the Senate, apparently fearing worse. The leading banker in Ireland calls the legal tender trick "disastrous" and "absolutely preposterous," but as I am neither a banker nor a politician I abstain from adjectives.

The Commission will issue other notes, called "consolidated," but really fiduciary, on the unlimited liability of the banks; not legal tender, but limited in a proportion to the legal tender notes, on which they are partly based, the rest of the base being also paper, as in bills of exchange. Paper is based on paper, which is based on yet other paper,

which is supposed to be based on British gold, but really is not, unless in a nominal sense. The one real factor for security in all this Free State paper is British credit, and yet the Currency Bill intends financial "independence." Its one merit is that it may help the Free Staters to see that their legislative duality has emphasized the economic unity of these islands instead of disturbing it, and that legislation is useless except in so far as it is an expression of realities. The real credit of the Free State still depends on producing things that can be bought and sold.

The Currency Commission and their two kinds of bank-notes make up the working order of the contrivance, but there are many factors of potential disorder. For instance, the legal tender notes may vary in value from their base in British sterling, so that people holding them would lose. These legal tender notes are backed by the unlimited liability of the Government itself; but experienced financiers fear that instead of security this would mean additional damage to stability, as compared with the present banking practice, on which the Irish banks have built up a very sound credit. Suppose a gentleman nominated by Mr. de Valera taking over the government of the Free State as a result of a large majority in a general election. Could the legal tender notes maintain their value? In conditions less alarming, the French franc fell very low. In conditions not much more alarming, the German mark vanished.

The authors of the scheme have not quite ignored the abnormal risks of their abnormal methods. They undertake to keep the legal tender notes at par in the London money market, with a financial agency employed there to make good at the Bank of England the difference in value of the legal tender note below its corresponding unit in British sterling. Nobody can guess what this may cost in a country so efficient in surprises, where John Dillon was silenced, "the uncrowned king" buried, and "Tim" turned into a lord-lieutenant, all in a few years. Anything may happen—except economic stability.

In addition to the "disastrous" and "absolutely preposterous" pickings from the paper, the Government get every year 30s. per £100 as a direct tax on note issue. In one way and another the Dublin Chancellor of

Exchequer expects £300,000 a year by the State adventure in banking; but this assumes the legal tender notes at par by their own virtue and without any countercharge on the Dublin Treasury to save them from slumps. This is a very large assumption.

Suppose the slumping cost the whole £300,000 to keep the paper at par. Suppose it cost more. The loss would not be confined to the balances in bankers' books. There would also be the slumps "in sympathy," as the financial editors have it. It will be the need of anybody holding the Free State paper to demand British sterling for it at the first sign of disturbance in the rather sensitive "atmosphere," and the larger the demand, the bigger the slump. There is nothing whatever to prevent London bankers, in sympathy with their Irish brethren, accumulating legal tender notes to present such a block of them in one day as would make a panic in Dublin. There is nothing to prevent the Irish banks refunding the cost of the scare to their friends in London if they thought it would smash the new system and give them back their impounded securities. A carefully prepared speech by Mr. de Valera might put £1,000,000 out of his countrymen's pockets any morning. These are only a few of the new dangers created by the new system, which could not apply to the old method of banking. For instance, the assets of the Irish banks were little or nothing affected by Mr. de Valera's rebellion, but it could not be so if their reserves and securities had been in the hands of a Dublin committee under a discredited Government.

Then we have to consider the other notes, those not legal tender, but put in circulation by the banks. They carry "the unlimited liability of the banks"; but will not the credit of the banks themselves be damaged in advance by depriving them of the funds that back their present note issue? In exchange for these transferred funds the banks get the legal tender notes backed by the credit of the Government; but the bankers regard it as a bad exchange, not a bargain approved by their free judgment, but a transaction forced on them against their will and judgment alike. The bankers agree that the "credit" of the Government means the discredit of the notes.

In substance and effect the Currency Commission is the Government. Through the Commission the Government become investors and financiers, on working capital appropriated compulsorily from other investors and financiers, namely, the other bankers. If the plan prospers, it may turn out to be the first definite step towards Socialism in banking, and other communities will be sure to make like raids on the hen-roosts of their own bankers. Communist Russia has not gone further in the ethics of finance than to annex the property of the private citizen and set Government officials "operating" with it on the Stock Exchange for the benefit of the State, or possibly for its ultimate ruin. So far, Russia does not appear to have gained much by the experiment.

It is easy to see behind the whole business two implicit assumptions—that "lack of capital" is the primary cause of decay in the Free State, and that the banks are to blame, because they prefer to lodge their reserves and balances in London. Both assumptions are quite untrue. The people of the Free State have more money than they know what to do with. Why do they not employ each other with it instead of leaving it locked up in London? It will find its way back of its own motion to the Free State when the bankers find its use there as safe and as productive as it is in London. Why do they not find it so now? Is it not because the typical Free Stater makes the risks more and the remuneration less? By facing this fundamental question frankly the Dublin Parliament might do more for the Free State in a day than they can in fifty years trying to make the financial waters run up hill from Lombard Street to Limerick. There is a law of gravitation in the mobility of liquid capital, and laws of gravitation are never successfully defied, unless by miracles. In this case, the miracles must be Irish-American.

I am not at all sure that the Government of the Free State understand how very grave the responsibility is that they assume. Their scheme has no right to exist at all except on the condition that they shall improve on the banks in the very complex business of directing the employment, the application, and the security of the country's capital. They are young men in a hurry,

most of them uneducated, strangers to the financial intimacies of banking, and there is not an economist among them. They propose to meet these grave defects by appointing a committee of Government officials to act for them and to replace the bankers in many of the most fundamental functions of finance. They are patriots, and Irish patriotism has never recognized economic necessity. As patriots they will wish to increase the capital sunk in the Free State. As financial economists they will need to limit the investments by the risks. As politicans they must be tempted to seek personal popularity at the expense of economic security. Like medieval kings they employ professional wisdom to supplement or to supersede their own; but the kings often lost their thrones, sometimes their heads, for refusing to be mastered by their servants.

I have good authority for stating that some members of the Free State Government have been investing their own spare cash in London, like the banks, and I have not heard of one among them putting a penny into "long term credits" for industrial revival in the Free State. Why penalize the unfortunate bankers for doing as they prefer to do themselves? The bankers are responsible to the public for the money of the public in their trust. How can they be supposed to keep their word if not permitted to exercise their judgment? If it be virtue to send the personal savings of the Dublin statesmen for safety to London, it must be mortal sin to send the banks' reserves back from London among the murderers of Mr. Kevin O'Higgins.

The same people who prepared the currency scheme have prepared and "recommended" also another scheme, for "agricultural credit," but the two schemes destroy each other, at least in the opposite or self-contradictory evidence on which they are founded. An avowed purpose of the currency project is to induce, or rather to enforce, the transfer of Free State capital from London to extend industrial production in Ireland. The economic motive is excellent, to develop productive power at home; the economic method is dangerous, depriving property of its owners' freedom and judgment in its use and security. The Standing Committee of State officials

set up in Dublin to supersede the banks and to transfer the funds cannot hope to exercise either the knowledge or the judgment of men who have spent their lives in the practical experience of the country's banking. Some of the committee will be bankers, but once appointed, they are Government officials.

In preparing the agricultural credit scheme, the authors admit in Free State banking a special element of "moral risk," which has not to be reckoned by bankers elsewhere. By this they mean simply an additional dishonesty in the people, as compared with other peoples, and they cite figures to enforce their view, for instance, in organized violence against recovery of debt and in the arrears of land purchase amenities, increased from £138,000 in 1921 to £360,000 in 1926. They add: "We further urge the imperative need for improving the moral standard of the community," etc.

The official evidence in the agriculture scheme is for keeping capital out of the country, away from the "moral risk," and it justifies the bankers in sending their funds to London, as the statesmen so wisely send their savings; but the official evidence in the currency scheme is for bringing the capital back into the Free State, exposing it to the "moral risk," at the expense of the bankers and at the financial risk of the State, contrary to all judgment in financial experience. "Improving the moral standard of the community" is not the business of the bankers. Their business is to care and use the money of the community, subject to the "moral risk," but in this they are now definitely disabled by the Government. When a person is deprived of his property without payment, we call it confiscation. It is also confiscation to deprive him of the liberty to use it and take care of it. There is no provision whatever to pay the bankers any part of the product of their property in invested use. The whole earnings from the investment are taken by the Currency Commission and handed over to the Government for a plus asset in budgeting. All the bankers get in return is permission to use the paper money, for what it may be worth, subject to the economic vagaries of the Government and to the obvious discredit of the banks in being deprived of the reserve assets which have hitherto

supported their credit. The report on which the new legislation is founded ought to have one more paragraph beginning: "We further urge the imperative need for improving the moral standard of the Government," etc.

Was it the bankers who made the "moral risk," and lowered "the moral standard of the community"? If not, why single them out, a very small minority, and penalize them, alone, for the immoralities of the multitude? Nobody, not even the Churches, is more interested than the banker in having the moral standard of the community as high as possible, for the higher it is, the lower is his list of bad debts, and the easier his confidence in the conduct of his business. The Free State Government have no more right to make the banks pay for the "moral risk" than they have to make them pay for the murders. That they do make them pay for it is obvious, for they deprive them of the use and control of their property, on the ground that the banks prefer to place it in London. The "moral" need to place it in London is officially admitted by the very men who punish the bankers for placing it in London. It is hard to hope that good can result from causes so completely evil.

Of all men, the banker might be left free to get about his own business. If not, then, who shall? Who can foresee the effect on the investing mind generally? By suspending personal liberty in banking, the Government expect £300,000 a year. What if the country lose £3,000,000 a year more by increased export of capital to get away from the Government and its financial methods? I know a citizen of the Free State who, to escape from these methods, has cashed all he could in the Free State, and lodged £70,000 in London, with instructions for his broker to "touch nothing in Southern Ireland." It is probable that other motives are mixed in this particular case, but I know that the Currency Bill is the deciding factor. The Government's scheme may force back from London a sum of money and turn it to industrial production in the Free State. What if it divert ten times as much from the same purpose, and lodge it in London? The net difference is increased poverty at home. So far as wealth is concerned, the one thing that matters in the end is industrial production,

but this depends on capital, which in turn depends on respecting the personal liberty of its owner. I know no country that has more need than the Irish Free State to study these elementary facts. The currency scheme may be of some benefit in a negative way, by showing that it can be of no benefit, and so removing another of the numerous illusions that must be abandoned before prosperity can begin.

It is something more, and much worse, than turning the State into a banker in competition with the other banks. In at least one essential function of banking it exacts a monopoly for the State. Legitimate competition implies liberty for self-defence, but this is automatically prohibited. To secure what remains to them of their property the banks are forced to defend and to support the competing power of what is taken from them and used against them. All they hold in exchange for it is the legal tender notes. A fall in the value of these must certainly follow a fall in the credit of the Government, so that it becomes the need of the banks to keep up the credit that is founded and financed at the expense of their own. Suppose a burglar came into my house, and having taken my property, forced me to assist him in making use of it against myself and my means to live. An Act of Parliament legitimizing the behaviour of the burglar could but make it morally worse, securing public approval for private outrage, and so making the State itself a menace to civilization.

There is more than a trace of political vengeance in this treatment of the banks. Very soon after the founding of the Free State, the Government felt the increased force of the financial gravitation toward its old centre of gravity in London. They expected the banks to turn back the financial stream from east to west, without considering the long-established causes of the flow from west to east. The banks refused. The Government threatened. The stream flowed on, but increased. The Currency Bill results, but on moral and economic grounds alike it is constructively denounced by its own authors, who are now forced to confess that the conduct of the banks was a necessity, while their Bill assumes the opposite. In effect, they say to the banks : "Your reasons

against investing your surplus at home are good, but you must either invest it at home or part with it."

In the matter of civic sense and collective character alone, the Free Staters present a curious problem for statesmanship, and one that cannot be disposed of in a day by any Irish-American short-cuts in currency. The present generation have been brought up to believe in legislation as the sole factor in social and economic progress. They still assume that it is the proper responsibility of Government to find them employment, to find the capital, and to find the deficit when the capital is lost on the low efficiency of their labour. They cannot conceive any relation between their faults and their misfortunes. If their representative in Parliament see a fault in them, they turn him out, and if he see no fault in them, he is still more useless to them, because incapable to understand the problems that afflict them. To be elected by them he must praise them. To praise them he must humbug them, and in humbugging them he takes their vices for virtues, which keeps them incapable of solving the problems they cannot see. In the past "British rule" explained it all, and they have not yet found another explanation. When they do, if ever, their redemption may begin. Meantime, their outlook is painful, and likely to be worse before it can be better. Some of their most disabling illusions are not even mentionable among them.

The "moral risk" which keeps them unemployable is officially attributed in a special degree to the agrarians, who, in the economic sense, at least, are 80 per cent. of the whole population, but no clear line between saints and sinners can be drawn round the town. Suppose we take half the people in the towns to be as bad as the average outside. It follows that with the exception of about 10 per cent. the population of the Free State are unemployable and cannot be capitalized unless at a loss. Hence the need for forcing the banks to capitalize them, subject to the choice of losing their money on wages at home or having it forcibly appropriated by the Currency Commission for the Government. Meantime, the employable 10 per cent. are doomed to work under all the disabilities of life among the 90 per cent. of unemployables,

which cannot but cut down their capacity and increase the risk of capitalizing them, as compared with a like undertaking in other countries where the "moral risk" is less.

These are not my estimates. The attack on "the moral standard of the community" is by the Government and their advisers, whose authority must be reckoned in the economic result. They (not I) have discovered the "moral risk" which keeps the people unemployable, their capital exported to London and their capitalists threatened with statutory coercion to bring it back. I have but to observe that in attacking the bankers they only complicate and prolong the problem. What is it that makes the "moral risk" to capital and degrades "the moral standard of the community"? The prosperity of the Free State, if ever, begins in this question. By attending to it the Dublin Parliament might produce heroes and martyrs, if not economists.

I do not believe for a moment that the people of the Free State are by either breed or race worse than other peoples. On the contrary, if I can make anything of their history, they are an excellent blend of the best strains in Europe, obviously less Celtic than North Wales, and probably much more Norman than Lancashire, Cheshire, and Shropshire. Since the misfortune in their "moral standard" cannot have come from their breed, it must have come from their experience. Then, what is the secret in their experience? "British rule" would have been the prompt explanation ten years ago, but their moral standard has fallen much since they lost "British rule." What is the explanation now? The question is for those who have raised it—the Government, the Parliament, and their chartered advisers in the preparation of the Currency Bill. It cannot by any means remove the deeper problem of "moral risk," and it ought to be followed without delay by "The Moral Standard Bill." I have done my best to simplify the inquiry for the Dublin legislators to bring in their Moral Standard Bill, set up the higher morality demanded by the Government, and—qualify for excommunication.

Failing the Moral Standard Act to make the people employably honest, it is hard to see how the moral

reformation can be accomplished. The present moral system "cannot err" and is "the only true" system, which admits no room for improvement. The nearer people are to perfection, the harder to improve them, and when they are quite perfect, as in the Irish Free State, improving them becomes an impertinence. The improvement of perfection is heresy, even in the arts, and cannot be less so in morals. This is always the way with peoples who have "the only true religion," like the Mohammedans, the Hindus, the Tibetans, and the Chinese. Starting perfect, they logically remain at that, and despise the empiricism that seeks progress, for which the mere quest confesses imperfection, and therefore, inferiority. It follows that good government for such peoples must be more than doubly difficult, since all good government implies improvement and progress.

In the case of the Free State the problem of immorality as raised by the Government and the bankers is further complicated by the problem of immortality, for which no solution has been provided either by the Treaty or the Constitution, which leave each man to save his own soul in his own way, as if no perfectly infallible plan had been discovered and enforced for us all.

In addition to the dangerous demand for the improvement of perfection, the Dublin Government insist on it "at the first possible moment," which, of course, is a challenge to Infallibility. Unless perfection choose to improve itself, in the required degree and "at the first possible moment," we can but infer that the Government themselves must undertake the task, and put professional morality in a corner, face to the wall, because any such dreadful departure must mean not merely a new authority to enforce morals, but also a new school to teach them. I think I am not at all enlarging on the official formula, as laid down by the Commission of Inquiry and adopted for legislation by the Free State Government: "The imperative need for improving the moral standard of the community . . . at the first possible moment."

It is not for me to take sides in a situation so perilous. It is enough to know that in the opinion of the Government and their official advisers, the present system of morals is very bad, so bad that the people perish by it,

incapable of employing their own capital in their own country, and kept unfit to produce the value of their wages by their work. Only a Government, and not every Government, could dare to deliver such an ultimatum. The British Governments of Ireland would not have ventured it, and that was how they failed. No mere individual could command the means to back it, and an ultimatum without the battalions big enough behind it is but an additional temptation to the enemy. Whatever the result of this Irish-American attempt to set secular morality above sacerdotal power, it is the first official effort in our time to diagnose that very old disease miscalled "The Irish Question," which is nothing but an ecclesiastical question.

How far can the Government go in their adventure as amateur moralists? Their chief hindrance will be the parochial mentality in the Parliament, which has been fixed in its deformity under the Anglo-Roman methods that wrecked the Union: "We will manage the Irish through the medium of their bishops." "Their medium" gave them Mr. de Valera, the rebellion, the civil war, the pro-German "diversion" in Ireland, and now this great breach in the Imperial structure, with Mr. de Valera's men in the Dublin Parliament already boasting their intention "again to proclaim a republic, and force the six counties (Ulster) to come in." It is not a pleasant result, and yet I believe British statesmanship is still pulling strings with the same "medium."

Well, this cannot be called "wisdom after the event." I told the Imperial statesmen what to expect, and it has come exactly as I told them. Twenty years ago they quoted and applauded my first book in the House of Commons, but continued in the fatal course until the crash. Even then their eyes could not be opened. A member of the Imperial Cabinet had his immediate relatives on a "pleasure" trip in the West of Ireland the day the rebellion broke out in 1916, and the right honourable trippers had to depend on the generosity of the rebels to save them until they could get smuggled out of the island. Even then they continued to co-operate with Catholicism to get the rebels under, while Catholicism co-operated with Germany to get the rebels on top.

Even now they dare not face the too obvious fact that the destruction of the British Empire is a Roman Catholic necessity, with the Irish Free State leading the attack, and with a secret cult in sympathy wherever England's chosen "medium" can command "the moral standard of the community." I have the proofs of an organization of Catholics committed to that purpose even in New Zealand.

The Imperial statesmen have not been more completely deluded than that painfully honest tactician, Mr. de Valera, who, while literally appealing to democracy, virtually plays the game for ecclesiocracy, holding up every effort to relieve the State from the supremacy of the Church. Those who follow him are still honestly convinced that there is no hope for Ireland but in a republic, and no hope for a republic but by "the destruction of the British Empire." These are their own words.

This Currency Bill can do nothing for economic progress, and may do very much against it. At best, it is a device in distribution and exchange, whereas the essential need is the development of productive power. It offers no advantage to production that could not be better served by the present currency and the present banking system. On the other hand, it may turn out to be of immense value in its constructive indictment of the existing moral standard, its open challenge to the long monopoly of the privileged moralists, and its assertion of the right of the State to raise the morality of its citizens, that they make use of their own money to prosper in their own country, instead of shipping their capital to London and their labour to America. I "further urge" the Government of the Free State to hang up the Currency Bill until they have passed the Moral Standard Bill to back it, so that bankers may not be forced by Parliament to finance moral inefficiency.

In face of all their Hiberno-Bolshevik attacks on private property and personal liberty, the Free State Government have now to float another loan—this time, they say, in London. Will England lend on the strength of a paper postulate three story in the air? She may. The Irish side of the modern Englishman is always unaccountable, because he will not face the facts.

The Problem of Westminster Abbey

By J. G. Noppen, F.S.A.
(Author of "Westminster Abbey and Its Ancient Art")

THE two proposals for the provision of space for further monuments in the Abbey church have, as their authors anticipated, met with a good deal of public criticism, and various alternatives have been suggested through the medium of the Press. These include a proposal by Sir Martin Conway that the existing cloister should be used, and another by Sir Frederick Radcliffe that the triforium should be opened, and a wide stair provided for better access than at present exists.

The report proves that the members of the sub-commission have made an earnest attempt to find a solution; but that they should set aside the suggestion that inscriptions on the floor might in future suffice, because they might suffer from the tramping feet of the continuous flow of visitors, is rather surprising. If that is the only difficulty, it could surely be overcome. There can be no doubt that the nation desires Westminster Abbey to retain its place as "the shrine of the nation's memories," but another important value which the building possesses is as yet imperfectly understood by the general public, and this appears to have been sparingly considered by the subcommission. This value, however, must be fully realized if the nature of the proposals under discussion is to be clearly recognized, and an attempt will here be made to explain it. To this end the conditions which produced the fabric of the church must be briefly reviewed, and their difference from those of today revealed.

Throughout the medieval period the art of building grew much as a living creature grows from childhood to maturity. As its development proceeded, influence flowed from all quarters; flowed and re-flowed, in fact, so that the achievements of the building schools in different localities betrayed the ceaseless lending and borrowing which through the centuries had been taking place. In the north-west of Europe the apogee may have been reached during the latter half of the thirteenth century when a quality of craftsmanship which provided buildings

of the greatest imaginable dignity and charm, and adorned them with beautiful sculptures, paintings, and metalwork, had been attained. Such craftsmanship created Westminster Abbey.

Nor was this in any sense an ecclesiastical art (the term is a modern invention), for the domestic buildings of the people were erected in the same fashion by men who could build gloriously or simply as the occasion demanded.

Henry the Third began to rebuild the Abbey church in 1245, and the mason to whom he seems first to have entrusted the work was Master Henry, who is described as *cementarius regis*. A body of masters in all the crafts necessary to the task was assembled, and, by 1269, the existing eastern arm, transepts, and the first four bays of the nave had been erected. The rest was performed by various masters between 1375 and 1500, except the upper stages of the western towers, which were added about 1740.

These master craftsmen together raised the fabric in the traditional fashion, and their excellent and practical knowledge enabled them to proceed without any co-ordinating overseer or, as he would now be termed, architect. The architect, indeed, of such a building as Westminster Abbey was an abstract thing. The work advanced beneath the efforts of a highly skilled army of craftsmen working in the familiar traditions under the directions of a competent body of masters. The design was not elaborately drawn for the approval of the patrons; for the latter knew as well as the craftsmen, or almost, what the church would be like when completed. The design existed in the minds of the whole body of its executants. It was their prize possession, handed down to them, through innumerable mutations, as their inheritance, the long result of time and of the labours and experiments of generations. The master craftsman would claim not the design, which belonged to his craft, but the work itself as his achievement, and those who worked under his control—"instructed, free, self-guided, working men"—would be satisfied that they had done their share. Nor was the finished product a thing of mystery, only to be appreciated by men of "taste." It was, on the contrary, perfectly comprehensible to the

public, who would understand its suitability for its purpose, recognize its improvement upon older buildings, and know it for the creation of true craftsmen working, "in accordance with the constantly advancing rules of art."

Fergusson said: "In the middle ages, the building art being in *only one style*, and being based on such simple commonsense principles that it could be understood by all, was one great cause of the perfection it attained."* John Emmett wrote: "The design is *not* the thing, but only an account, extremely superficial, of the thing proposed; 'the work's the thing,' and workmen are the real architects."† In this way the Abbey church was built.

How very different was this process from what goes on today under the name of architecture! There are enough examples of what the latter produces: let us examine one of the greatest of them. In the competition for Liverpool Cathedral, one hundred and three portfolios were sent in, and, after five of them had submitted designs, that of Mr. (now Sir) Giles Gilbert Scott was chosen; but (I quote from the official handbook) "in view of the fact that Mr. Scott was only twenty-one years of age, it was agreed that Mr. G. F. Bradley should be appointed Joint Architect in order that his long experience might reassure the public as to the practical conduct of the work." In this way a brilliant young draughtsman became the "architect" of the largest cathedral in England; but how different his part in its construction from that of the masters of Westminster! At Liverpool we find that the "design" is the thing. What the selection committee sought was not a body of masters who would work "in accordance with the constantly advancing rules of art," but an "idea," a "conception." And there was no indication of advancing rules—even of drawing—in what they chose. Yet they sought for much, and one thing calls for comment: "we had to look (they state in their report) for that power combined with beauty that makes a great and noble building," and they claim that they found it. I venture to believe that they were mistaken. Such power

* "History of Architecture."
† *Quarterly Review*, 1881.

can only rest in working men. It belonged to the builders of Westminster, but should hardly be attributed to one who could not be confidently entrusted to supervise the erection of what he had conceived.

The Bibliothèque Nationale has preserved the sketch book of Vilars de Honecourt, a French master of the thirteenth century. In his book, he tells the reader, will be found good advice as to the great power of masonry (grant counsel de le grant force de maconerie). This, then, was the power which made the noble buildings of the time of Vilars, and it is this power alone which can ever make them. It can only come, as it came to Vilars, by experience in doing work. Professor Willis, who studied and published Vilars's sketches, said that he could not draw. Perhaps not, nor, in the manner of the modern architect, could the builders of Westminster; but such sketches as these sufficed for their purpose, and, for the rest, the work proceeded as we have seen above. It was the power of masonry, not of drawing, and the fabric was the creation of workmen, not of draughtsmen. Emmett said: "The architect, in fact, is not an artist, an imaginative workman, an accomplished artisan, but a commission merchant, a compiling draughtsman; in the sphere of building no architect at all."* Fergusson remarked: "If they [the architects] were allowed to use their intellects, they might do something of which we should have cause to be proud."† Yet the men to whom these criticisms may still be applied are the men "with the finest trained taste," who are to make plans for the enlargement of the Abbey church. "Taste," like the "architect," is a modern invention. It did not enter into the calculations of the medieval mason. "Taste," delicate-handed, will select the design. The noble building to which that design is supposed to bear relation was raised by working men who had no other ideal than honestly to work at their craft. If such a design should be produced, there will stand beside the Abbey church, not a building in harmony with it, but a monument to folly—the folly of those who would place beside the living fabric a mere toy, made according to the design of a scholar. The profiles of its mouldings

* *Quarterly Review*, 1880.
† Loc. cit.

would be copied from the inventions of the craftsmen, or, perhaps, impudently "refined"; the forms of its ornament derived from originals which were the flowers of workmanship. With such, no doubt, "the dilettanti could be satisfied, the public hoodwinked"; but what of its purpose: to shelter the memorials of those whom we honour. Would it be worthy? It surely would not.

In the nave of the church a million men who died that we might live are commemorated by an inscribed stone. Would not a somewhat smaller inscription of the same character be a more honourable memorial than a pretentious monument placed in a sham fabric such as the proposed extension could only be? We suggest that this is the real solution to the problem and hope that it may yet receive further consideration. If the feet of passers-by threaten to obliterate such inscriptions, they can be put in order, as many already in the church have been, with little trouble and at small cost. To fill the beautiful cloister, or the triforium, with monuments would spoil them. To build a staircase to give access to the latter is unthinkable.

To live in history is, after all, a great man's best memorial. The craving to erect monuments is but the desire to flatter our own vanity; to display the same showmanship and love of the imposing that has given us what we call architecture, and lost to us the building art. To this art Westminster Abbey is one of our most splendid monuments. It should be preserved. We hesitate to meddle with the existing monuments, and we should be less willing to tamper with the greater and more valuable fabric that shelters them. We cannot undo any injury that may be done to it. The public is learning to love these priceless records of what our predecessors could do; to understand them better, and to realize that in so understanding lies the only hope that we may ever again breed men like those who made them. There are none like them now.

All these things should be carefully considered before anything is done. The Dean, addressing the R.I.B.A., promised that "our ablest architects" should be consulted. He described them as men "with real knowledge of what they are doing," and as belonging to "the

aristocracy of art"; but is his confidence well placed? Is it true that these men know what they are doing? We have reviewed what has been done at Liverpool. We have seen that the Cathedral was "conceived" not by a mason as a building, but by a draughtsman as an "idea." Yet the selection committee—aristocrats of art—saw in it the power of a noble building. They saw reflected in a drawing a quality which its compiler did not possess, *le grant force de maconerie*. They were surely mistaken. And their mistake was but that of "the aristocracy of art" generally. They do *not* know what they are doing. The architect is trained to design, not to build. He studies the "styles" instead of learning to exercise the power of masonry. His ingenuity is employed in the blending of those styles into what is called an "original conception." The "design" is the thing. This is the modern way. For generations this practice has continued. There have been no "constantly advancing rules of art" followed by free, self-guided working men; but only delicate-handed drawing masters passing on the tricks of their trade to those who were to succeed them. The men who pile up the bricks and stones in accordance with the "designs" thus produced are not craftsmen. The fabric they erect is not a building. It is merely a thing that *represents* a building, a stage property and, in plain words, make-believe.

There are a few architects who have recognized this, and who, were they asked, would certainly refuse to submit plans for any such schemes as those under review. The majority, although they love the Abbey and admire its transcendent beauty, will not see that it is a work they cannot hope to emulate; that any alteration they might make to it, or any building they might add to it would be incongruous. They believe that a modern addition would harmonize with the old fabric. This self-deception, this faith in modern architectural practice, "a seeming truth essentially untrue," compels us to deny them the confidence with which they have been honoured by the Dean.

There appears to be, however, in the suggestion that inscriptions should be placed on the floor, a solution that would dissolve all controversy, and it is to be hoped that it will receive the most full and sympathetic consideration.

Pacifist Propaganda—II

By Patrick Devlin

In an article published in the September issue of The English Review, I endeavoured to show the folly of pacifism, both as a practical proposition and as a theoretical belief. The present article is not intended to be a re-statement of the case, nor will it, in fact, carry the argument much further. Its object is to elaborate the ideas set forth in the original article in the hope that their expansion will meet the criticism that has been directed against them since September. The main attack is contained in the article by Mr. Arthur Ponsonby that appeared in this Review last month. Personally, I must express my gratitude to Mr. Ponsonby for the kindly and considerate way in which he dealt with the arguments I raised; but his readers, I think, must have cherished a regret that, in his anxiety to inform his tone with the practice of his pacifist principles, he did not come to grips with the subject quite as adequately as otherwise he would have done.

But I should like first of all to recapitulate, albeit very baldly, the case that I tried to construct against pacifism as a practical proposition. I said that when a war was waged strictly in self-defence, it was justifiable because it was necessary. If a country is attacked without provocation, it has no alternative but to fight, however unpleasant it may be. Even the most developed systems of law allow the individual to defend himself and his property, and no system of international law can deny to a nation a similar right. Since a war of self-defence is a possibility in the future, it is unwarrantable to extract from a man a pledge that under no circumstances will he fight.

The first target to draw fire was the analogy between the individual and the nation in the case of the right of self-defence.

A critic, writing in the *Liverpool Post*, declares that

the parallel is untrue since individual self-defence is not permitted by the law :—

" A man may libel another, or damage his property, or run off with his wife, and yet the injured party is forbidden to take the law into his own hands."

This writer, it seems to me, has misinterpreted the analogy. Self-defence and taking the law into one's own hands are not necessarily the same thing, and because the latter is not permitted it does not follow that the former also is forbidden.

" In many instances," writes Sir John Salmond, the well-known jurisprudent, " the law grants a man liberty to help himself by his own act and strength without recourse to any Court of Justice or the sanction of any judicial declaration of his rights."

But these instances occur only when the recourse to a Court of Justice could not provide a satisfactory remedy. If a man libels you, the Court will imprison him for it or will compensate you, and will restrain him from continuing to do so. But in the case of an assault or a burglary, such remedies would afford a poor consolation to the victim forced to stand by helplessly and allow himself to be pillaged. To the same extent, and no further, can the principle be applied to international disputes. Were a foreign country to insult England, a war on that account would be unjustifiable. But if England were to be invaded, she would have a right to defend herself, and no international tribunal could ever be powerful enough in the retribution at its command to supersede that right.

Mr. Ponsonby also will not admit the force of the analogy, and that is not surprising since such an admission would destroy the mainstay of the pacifists' argument, which is that war can never be justifiable. He does not deny the analogy point blank, which would be difficult, but writes instead :—

" Mr. Devlin entirely fails to show that there is any analogy whatsoever between an individual criminal and a nation. To brand as criminals millions of people who are quite unconscious of the causes of the trouble, and who harbour no animosity whatever against any of their fellows in foreign lands, is ridiculous on the face of it."

Now, I did not attempt to draw any analogy on the

lines Mr. Ponsonby indicates. Because for the purposes of self-defence a man and a nation are subject to the same principles—and this was the sum of my assertion—it does not follow that in all cases the same rules apply to them; and if any one case could be selected where they do not apply, it would be the commission of a crime which requires a deliberate act of malice to which birth can be given only in the mind of the individual. The truth of the matter is that when a nation and an individual defend themselves, their action is not merely similar, it is the same. For it is impossible to attack a nation without attacking also the individuals who are its component parts. If England is invaded, there is invaded also the property of separate and particular Englishmen: if an army is attacked, it is not merely a corps manœuvring against a corps but men defending themselves against men. If one man has a right to defend himself when attacked, then a number of men must have a similar right. Therefore, to admit that a man may defend himself is equivalent to admitting, quite apart from analogy, that a nation may defend itself.

Needless to say, however, Mr. Ponsonby does not leave the matter at that. If he makes no very serious effort to contest the point, it is because he has in reserve a line of argument far more cunning. In effect he says that all wars are made out to be wars of self-defence by the wicked politicians who engineer them, and that by this means people are persuaded to fight; from which it follows that the only way to prevent the politicians from waging unjustifiable wars is to show them that their peoples will not fight under any circumstances at all.

This argument is strong enough as it stands; but Mr. Ponsonby endeavours to render it impregnable by asserting that there can be *no* wars of self-defence because wars are never caused by unprovoked aggression.

"But anyone who has studied the matter at all," he says, "knows perfectly well that wars do not arise from the sudden and unexpected attack of an aggressor, from the flagrant breach of a treaty, from the violation of a frontier by a hostile army, or from any deliberate act with criminal intent."

This sentence seems to me to summarize very adequately the declaration of war by Germany on Belgium in 1914. All the elements he selects as inconceivable were present in that incident—the sudden attack, the breach of a treaty, the violation of a frontier. Does he assert that Belgium was not fighting in self-defence? And what proof does he offer that what happened thirteen years ago will never happen again?

But even if Mr. Ponsonby would not have been a pacifist in Belgium, was his attitude in England any more praiseworthy? I asked him in my original article whether he thought the world would be a better place today if England had not intervened in 1914, and that question has remained unanswered. It is a question which provides, in passing, a reply to his request for another instance, besides the case of self-defence, in which war is justifiable. A war is justifiable when it is the only means of maintaining a treaty upon the preservation of which the peace of the world depends. To allow such a treaty to be violated is a dishonest makeshift to secure a temporary tranquillity at the expense of permanent peace. If England had not stood by her word in 1914, her guarantee today in the Treaty of Locarno would be regarded as so much waste paper by France and Germany. If England, in order to avoid a war, were to allow the Treaty of Locarno to be broken by armed force, she would deal a blow to the peace of Europe from which it would not recover in this century. In the face of such contingencies, remote though they may be, it cannot be asserted that a justifiable war is an impossibility.

Let us return therefore to the milder part of Mr. Ponsonby's statement. He contends that people may be misled into an unjustifiable war by the plea that it is being waged in self-defence, and declares that the only remedy is a refusal to fight under any circumstances. Mr. Ponsonby might as well assert, as I have previously suggested, that because the country may be beguiled by wicked politicians into passing a bad law, therefore it is his duty to persuade his fellow-citizens to obey no laws at all. Such arguments imply a negation of the universal principle of government. England is a democracy, and as such is governed by the majority of her people. This

majority chooses certain persons to represent it, and it is these persons who decide upon war. If Mr. Ponsonby is not satisfied that such a decision will express the wish of the majority, let him by all means suggest a change in the system to secure that end. But if he is satisfied on this point, then he must realize that it is the most essential principle of democracy that a minority should abide by the decision of a majority. If he will not recognize that, he is not merely stultifying democracy, but, unless he suggests a monarchy or an oligarchy, he is rendering all government impossible, and becomes, in fact, an anarchist. It is useless to talk of appealing above the politicians to the people. The decision of the Government, whether composed of wicked politicians or not, is the decision of the people, for the people can speak only through the Government. What Mr. Ponsonby really means by appealing to the people is stirring up a minority to resist the decision of a majority. Such an action is an incitement to mutiny, and used to be called by the good old-fashioned name of treason. Indeed, had Mr. Ponsonby lived a few centuries back in less lenient times, he would have had his head chopped off long ago!

The pacifist will now perhaps take refuge in the plausible fallacy of conscientious objection. He will say that, even admitting that the decision of a majority is binding on the whole, that decision cannot compel the individuals in a minority to act in contradiction to their principles. Such a statement would be true to a limited extent; the limit is determined by the fact that it is not competent for the individual to declare which of his principles must be regarded as inviolable and which he is prepared to sacrifice. Certain principles are by universal consent admitted to belong to individual liberty; in no case do they include the right to avoid the legitimate obligations of the citizen towards the State. If a man avails himself of the advantages of association with his fellow-beings, he must shoulder also the burdens of that association. He might just as well object conscientiously to paying his taxes or to conforming to the laws. If he does not like the laws of a country, or considers its taxes too heavy, or deems its foreign policy to be provocative of war, and is on these points in a helpless minority, he

is at liberty to go elsewhere. But when the moment arrives for him to render his services in return for benefits received, to plead conscientious objection is a childish trick to evade the obligations he has by his own determination incurred.

The fundamental mistake underlying the entirety of Mr. Ponsonby's attitude seems to me to be his refusal to believe that in the management of human affairs the use of force is sometimes necessary. For example, he writes :—

"A super-national authority which depends on bombs, tanks, gases, aeroplanes and machine-guns to accomplish its purpose can never help to establish international peace."

But bombs and tanks, etc., are only the international equivalents of capital punishment, fines and imprisonments, more barbarous because the organization of the world is less developed than that of the nation but equally a manifestation of force. If force is still necessary to preserve the peace of the realm, how does Mr. Ponsonby hope to dispense with it in securing the peace of the world ? Peace is the preservation of law and order. Law and order can be maintained only by the exercise, active or potential, of force. The medium through which force is exercised in international affairs is war. Therefore the potentiality of war is necessary to peace. But the whole object of pacifism is to make the potentiality of war impossible. Therefore pacifism is inimical to peace.

There is one other argument of a very different sort in favour of pacifism, one that Mr. Ponsonby as an idealist would doubtless disdain to use, but which makes none the less a subtle appeal. For it is an argument which can admit that pacifism as a theory is ridiculous, since it declares that only as an expedient is it sound. The argument is based on the proposition that modern warfare is as damaging to the victor as it is to the vanquished. So intimately is Europe economically interconnected that a disaster to one's foe spells also a disaster to oneself. Therefore, the best policy is to sit still and let the enemy do what he wants, confident in the knowledge that he will soon discover that he is injuring himself as much as you.

There are two flaws in this argument. The first is the age-old fallacy of the economist that men are puppets moved solely by economic considerations. They are, on the contrary, "flesh and blood and apprehensive." To suppose that the ordinary man will stand by and allow his property to be destroyed, his womenkind insulted and himself killed is absurd.

The second flaw is the supposition that all modern wars are waged for economic aggrandisement, and that no country would enter a war which would place in jeopardy its own economic life. It is certainly true that an economic cause is frequently responsible for wars, especially within modern times. But it is not in the least impossible to imagine a war in which economics played a very minor part—in the Balkans, for example, where racial jealousies are so rife, or in an Italy inflamed with the desire to recapture something of her ancient glory. Soviet Russia would not be deterred from going to war to propagate its gospel by the fact that its own internal economy would suffer thereby. Still less would it be influenced by the consideration that a war retards the economic progress of the world, since it is its principal object to destroy the present economic system.

Even as an expedient, pacifism fails, just as it is disastrous in practice and foolish in theory. There is no need to be a jingoist to reject it. Mr. H. G. Wells is not a jingoist, and in his essay, "The Probable Future of Mankind," he shows that the only satisfactory way of securing permanent peace is by the gradual process of educating the people to believe in a world-state governed by international law, just as in each country order is maintained under a fully-developed legal system. The anti-pacifist has the ideal of universal comity as much at heart as his opponent; nor does he pursue his aim the less fervently because he rejects the quack palliative in favour of the slower cure.

Action Française and the Vatican

By Percy Sandys

THE passionate controversy in France over "l'affaire Daudet," as it is called, almost equals that aroused by "l'affaire Dreyfus" a generation ago. In the course of the dispute, disclosures have been made throwing valuable light upon Vatican policy, from which useful lessons may be learnt by statesmen of other countries besides those of France. The Royalist party, and their great Nationalist journal, the *Action Française*, have been firm supporters of the Roman Church. They have never joined in any anti-clerical campaign; and when previous French governments have introduced measures tending to religious persecution, they have been met with bitter opposition from the *Action Française*, and some of the controlling members of that journal have suffered imprisonment for resistance to Church inventories. In the moderate Parliament of 1919–1924, with several hundred professing Catholics among its members, M. Léon Daudet alone had the courage to denounce the anti-religious legislation of twenty years before and to demand its repeal.

In the face of such a record, the fact that the *Action Française* has been placed by the highest Spiritual Authority recognized in France upon the Index of publications forbidden to be read has been received by the French public with amazement, which has only been increased by the flimsy excuses put forward for such drastic action. The explanation, shortly put, of this strange position is that the Vatican has been clearly shown to favour a pro-German policy, and the Royalist leaders are, first and above all, patriotic Frenchmen, recognizing the authority of the Church in matters ecclesiastical, but, in affairs of politics, allowing nothing to interfere with their devotion to their country's interests.

M. Daudet's friend and co-director, M. Charles Maurras—one of the most brilliant writers of the day—

is the only agnostic among the Royalist leaders. Regarding the Church's doctrines, he has always expressed a respectful, but firm, *incroyance*; but it would be well for the Church if other non-believers were like him. Throughout his long career as a writer M. Maurras has defended consistently the Church and clerical institutions. Monasteries, convents, Catholic schools, religion in the army, and religion in public life have always had his support; and his non-belief, which his native honesty would not allow him to conceal, has appeared to him as a defect, something he regretted but could not help. Often has he expressed envy of true believers and his admiration of the Catholic Church as "the greatest of moral institutions." But his brilliant literary gifts, which have for many years made him an intellectual leader of a large section of the modern French youth, have only made him, in the view of certain clerics, an object of suspicion. That an unbeliever could be a moral leader of youth has, to them, seemed impossible; a leader he might be, but only of corruption. Obsessed with this idea, they proceeded to probe his writings for the heresies which, they were sure, must be there.

The attack upon the *Action Française* and those who control it was launched before the war, but during the world struggle matters were allowed to rest. The courageous conduct of the Royalist leaders, their ruthless unmasking of cowardly or traitorous ministers, the active part they played in bringing Clemenceau to power in 1917—all served to give them a deserved popularity, even among republicans. Pope Pius X, moreover, was personally well-disposed to M. Maurras; he esteemed him as a loyal and upright Frenchman, and sent him his blessing, as a "true Christian." Pius X was succeeded by Pope Benedict, and in 1922 Pius XI ascended the Papal chair. Throughout the periods of these three Popes, Cardinal Gasparri—a noted Germanophil and an enemy of French nationalism—has been Secretary of State to the Holy See, and in the autumn of last year the clerical attack was resumed, under the direction of Cardinal Andrieu, Archbishop of Bordeaux. One pretext made for this renewed attack was that a phrase—*La politique d'abord*—attributed to M. Maurras, was said to

be open to objection. M. Maurras begged His Eminence repeatedly, but in vain, to point to the phrase in any of his writings, and he observed that if, even in conversation, he had ever used such a phrase, it was done in no spirit of disrespect to religion, but to indicate his view that a man may be Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or free-thinker, and yet be a Royalist; French Royalism being a political, and not a religious creed. A further pretext for the attack was the allegation that M. Maurras's books are immoral. Amid the numerous writers of modern France whose works are immoral, it seems somewhat absurd to select for attack a writer who at most is only outspoken. His "Enquête sur la Monarchie" might be read in a convent school; and most of his books are of the same type—political, historical, or biographical. One to which the most exception has been taken is the well-known "Amants de Venise," which is a detailed biographical account of the strange love-affair of George Sand and Alfred de Musset. It is long and minute, every known fact being stated, including, of course, the journey to Venice and the further elopement of the fickle lady with the Italian doctor, Pagella. To suggest that such a book is immoral raises the question whether a work which contains the private (although acknowledged) history of well-known people and records the facts as they really are can be immoral.

On the flimsy grounds above referred to, the authorities of the Roman Church have thought fit to place the *Action Française* and all books and writings of M. Maurras on the Index—a penalty puerile in its inefficacy. The works of Victor Hugo, Anatole France, and most other French classics are on the Index, but this does not diminish the number of their readers. The *Action Française* may have lost a few of its former readers, but it has gained a larger number of new subscribers; its circulation, it is credibly stated, has increased by 70,000 since it was placed on the Index. The failure of the attacking party has increased their violence; children have been expelled from clerical schools for bringing their shoes wrapped up in old numbers of the hated journal, and warning after warning has been issued against the sin of reading it.

ACTION FRANÇAISE AND THE VATICAN

The position of the *Action Française* has been made still stronger by their unmasking of ecclesiastical designs. So long as the clerics confined their attack to the polemics of Cardinal Andrieu and other enemies of French nationalism, the *Action Française* displayed great restraint. But when the official decree was issued at Rome utterly banning their paper and making it a "deadly sin" to read it, the Royalist leaders retaliated by exposing the true reasons for their disgrace.

For many years after the third Republic was established, the Church reserved her favours for the Royalists and cold-shouldered the new regime; and for this, under the Combes Ministry, at the beginning of the present century, the Church was severely punished. The law of Separation was introduced by M. Briand, who was in consequence solemnly excommunicated. In those stirring times soldiers had to force their way through hostile crowds into the churches to take the inventories. Hundreds of officers resigned rather than execute their orders; and nearly all the Royalist chiefs distinguished themselves as ringleaders in the countless riots at the church doors. There followed a time of prostration of the Church in France, but the gradual quiet return of many of the exiled convents, the war, and the subsequent change in the public mind decided the Church to accept the new regime. This change of policy has succeeded, and (except for a few months under the Herriot Ministry of 1924) it has worked smoothly. M. Briand (formerly excommunicated) himself brought in the law for renewal of diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Rome now looks coldly on French nationalism, and from being its bulwark seems to have become that of French social democracy. It is of the first importance to observe that in Germany, on the other hand, the Church has adopted the contrary policy—opposing democracy and throwing its supporters (the Catholic Centre) into the arms of the Nationalist Party.

Cardinal Gasparri, whose attitude was so often questioned during the war, here again shows his hand. To support the "Right" in Germany and the "Left" in France can mean but one thing—to strengthen Germany and to weaken France. At the very time when the

Action Française was being subjected to solemn condemnation, the Papal Nuncio covered M. Briand with praise and extended the Papal blessing over his policy at Locarno. It was only after this provocation that the conduct of certain prelates during the war was revealed; and the *Action Française* has pointed out that the attacks made upon them may lead to a revival of Gallicanism—a danger of which Rome has a sincere dread. The *Osservatore Romano*, which opposed the Allies in the war, and one of the controllers of which was "invited" to leave Italy for suspected espionage, claims to have an official connection with the Papacy. A journal called *La Correspondance Catholique Franco-Allemande* is being published which carries on propaganda designed to suggest that France (and in particular M. Poincaré) was responsible in a large measure for the outbreak of war. This journal—the mischievous character of which has been exposed by M. Maurras—is run by a priest of Lille, the Abbé Demulier. M. Léon Daudet is not a friend of M. Poincaré, but he has, from the first, repudiated the vile Communist calumny—"Poincaré la guerre"; and it is a testimony to his honesty and patriotism that, although M. Herriot has been far more friendly to him personally in the affair of his son's tragic death, he has always shown his preference for a Poincaré rather than a Herriot regime. The Abbé Demulier boldly prints on its front page—*Encouraged by the Holy See and approved by the Archbishop of Paris.*

The exposures have placed Cardinal Dubois, the Archbishop of Paris, and even the Papacy itself, in a somewhat embarrassed position. A rumour (from the archbishopric) floated round Paris that the approval of the Abbé Demulier's paper was a hasty act of the Cardinal's secretary; but a few days later the *Camelots du Roi* (the Royalist leaguers) secured a copy of a letter from the Abbé asking, in other words, if the ecclesiastical authorities were going to throw him over. The publication of this letter increased the clerical discomfiture. So the quarrel continues, and the public of France wonders what the Church can be thinking of in attacking their best friends. Cardinal Andrieu, the Archbishop of Bordeaux, has just celebrated the anniversary of his first

letter by a fresh and bitter diatribe on the *Action Française* and the Royalist leaders. The *Action Française* has published a reply, both respectful and dignified, from which the following passages may be quoted :

Non seulement nous n'avons jamais contesté les principes posés par le Concile du Vatican, mais nous ne les avons enfreints. Nous n'avons jamais fait appel qu'au Souverain Pontife lui-même pour lui demander de constituer un tribunal régulier afin d'examiner si les allégations du Cardinal Andrieu à notre égard étaient fondées, si les textes qu'il nous avait attribués étaient vrais ou faux. Ce n'est pas notre faute si la Curie Romaine a dédaigneusement écarté notre requête respectueuse, et si par là, l'angoisse des questions posées et non éclaircies est demeurée dans les consciences et dans l'opinion.

Later, in the same article, in answer to the Cardinal's allegation that the *Action Française* considered itself indispensable to the safety of France, that journal observed :

De la mésure où *l'Action Française* est indispensable au salut du pays, son Eminence nous permettra de lui dire qu'elle n'est pas juge en tant que Cardinal et la Curie Romaine encore moins. *Quant au péril de voir se créer "antagonisme entre le devoir Catholique et le devoir patriotique"* [my italics], il est imprudent de le traiter de mystification à l'heure où le scandale Demulier n'a pas encore pris fin.

In concluding the article, *Action Française* refers to the extreme menaces of Cardinal Andrieu :

Mais le Cardinal fait surtout appel à la crainte : " cette crainte de Dieu," qui est, selon le mot du psalmiste royal " le commencement de la sagesse " ; il nous menace non seulement du refus d'absolution, du refus de communion, du refus de sépulture ecclésiastique, mais même du refus d'entrer au ciel. Les sanctions ecclésiastiques lui appartiennent, mais la dernière qu'il nous permettre de le lui dire appartient au seul jugement de Dieu—de Dieu qui doit inspirer une juste crainte à ceux qui engagent leur responsabilité contre la vérité, mais qui aux autres ne peut inspirer que la confiance.

The signatures are significant: "The Catholic members of the directive committees of *Action Française* present in Paris :—

" Robert de Boisfleury.
" Colonel Larpent.
" Paul Robain."

High Noon

By Dorothy Johnson

I GAZED from the crimson face of the porter to the shimmering landscape behind him and the shabby huddle of station buildings which grilled in the merciless sun. The sky was so brilliant that it had no colour; the very air seemed to glow white-hot. My eyes came back unrelieved to the porter, and found him more fiery than before; having pushed his uniform cap away, he had brought into view a bigger patch of his greasy rufous curls. But there was kindness under his oily skin, and he bore with me like a saint, though my own stupidity and nothing else had stranded me at Craythe for two hours.

"If you go up over the 'ill"—he swung round to point, his face caught the light and shone like glass with a backing of red satin—"if you go straight up an' keep on a bit, an' take the first on the right, you'll come to a little white 'ouse by a kind o' pond."

It sounded, somehow, romantic; better, it sounded cool. The little white 'ouse, it appeared, was kep' by two ladies who sold tea and lemonade and such. "There's some shade when you're over the top," said the porter. "First on the right—it isn't so far. . . ."

I thanked him earnestly, but had to turn away; he was no more tolerable to my aching sight than a bonfire or a furnace in full blast. I glanced from him to the man on the seat—the little man in the bowler hat.

But there was no one on the seat. Drab, shiny, and blistered, it stood—near the board which announced "CRAYTHE JUNCTION"—quite deserted.

There was no one (I mentally repeated) on the seat. There had not been anyone. It was an optical illusion—a practical joke played upon me by the noontide glare. I remembered, as I moved off—thanking the porter again in my nervousness and opening my green parasol—that I often got a similar effect by lamplight upon the doorstep

of a certain house in Bloomsbury. When approaching it from the south, if I happened to be at all distraite and dreamy, I always made the startling discovery that a man in a light overcoat was *not* standing there. That deception, however, belonged to the doubtful evening; now, it was midday in midsummer, under an all-revealing sun.

The heat beat down my mind. On my way up the shadeless hill, where the dust lay warm and soft and white, and furred my shoes till they looked like grey velvet, I teased myself by elaborating the picture of the non-existent little man. Details, foolishly minute, seemed fixed; a triangular tear near a buttonhole, a broken bootlace . . . And he had not been there at all! I roused my flagging will to drive him from my fancy; it would have been easier if the glare had not tended to force my eyelids down, and shut me out of reality into a red gloaming where a sinister shape could walk. When I struggled to lift them I caught a glimpse of the low hedge powdered and pale with dust, of tiny speedwells blinded and colourless, of a giant cow-parsley leaning aslant as though the brazen sun had just struck it. That last was a detail to stick in the memory—like that man's trailing bootlace—but there had not been any bootlace—or any man.

I paused on the crest of the hill. The slope before me, and the plain into which it sank, bore the scattered remains of a great forest. About three fields ahead the road bisected a lengthy strip of beech and elm with dense undergrowth. The sun being at my back, there would certainly be shade along the lower edge of this wood. Not only so, but, as I presently found, a well-trodden footpath left the road towards the right under the shelter of the trees, and a very easy stile invited me to take that course. Its invitation was, indeed, so pointed that in my chafed tired state it annoyed me. I leaned upon the stile and gazed down the path with sullen, heavy-eyed disfavour. It could not be, as it would have me think, the porter's "first on the right." Yet it must lead, vaguely, in the desired direction. Following it *so* far, and dropping off—say, *there*—down the fields, I might come soon to the little cool house by the pond.

Upon that I sprang over the stile.

Instantly it came home to me that I had never known a day so still. On my ear, prepared to receive from the wood the menacing hum of insects, there fell instead an absolute silence which was like a deafening blow. Not a bird chirped, no small wild animal rustled through foliage or grass. No farmyard or railway noises from the distance bore witness that the world still lived. The grass and leaves themselves seemed stiffened in the fire of the noontide as they might have been stiffened by frost. Movement and sound had ceased; only down in the voiceless plain, through a haze like diamond dust, a river winked like a single diamond.

". . . kissed 'im—I *'ad* to do it," said the little man.

He struck in as suddenly as that; or, rather, I woke up to him as suddenly as that; confused and conscious, as if I had gone to sleep while he was talking, and awaked to find him talking still. This little man, walking abreast of me but inside the fence, was treading a round prescribed for eternity. I seemed to recover the knowledge of this as though it had been with me all my life, but forgotten for a moment, and while it lay forgotten had none the less been part of me. This paltry being, like the terrible sun, had his orbit and his task; he was doomed to tramp his beat for ever, to tell his tale over and over.

" I *'ad* to do it," he repeated.

" Yes, yes," I tried to say, but no sound came from my lips. I had been entrapped with him into a channel where he alone was audible. I felt defeated, as a bee must when it dashes itself against the invisible pane. Then, after the sense of defeat, came a whimsical feeling of security. I let myself go, chattering like a scared monkey and even laughing—all without a sound. My companion marched on awhile in silence. I babbled mutely till he jerked up his head with its jutting beard, and began.

" We—ell," and the reasoning, pleading note dragged a protest from every nerve in me, " we—ell, 'adn't I stood him for twenty years, orf an' on? 'Adn't 'e put me through it, time an' time again? Twenty year—now I *arsk* you! An' then one day I seen 'im right on the edge o' the pond——."

"The pond," I said dreamily. "Yes, the house by the pond. You're taking me there, aren't you? That's where I want to go." I write that "I said" this; my mind shaped the words, my lips copied them; but, as before, there was no sound.

"Right by the pond. One almighty splash; an' 'e never rose no more. That was what made it so queer. P'r'aps 'e'd 'is pockets full o' stones—'e was great on stones, always pickin' 'em up an' studyin' 'em. They 'eld 'im down safe in the mud; 'e never rose no more. . . .

"But I'd a' giv' myself up; strite I would, if 'e'd let me. Would 'e let me? Not much!" That which had been a little man gave the short, bitter laugh of the little man's class; and lost in horror, or some complex unbearable emotion without a name, I began my silent prattle again: "*How long will it be before we come to the pond?*"

"*Would* 'e let me go? Every time I started, 'e'd call me to the water; an' I 'ad to lean over an' watch 'im lyin', black an' green an' slimy like a rotten log. An' 'is eyes was pin-points of 'ell. '*Would* you go an' own up, an' save your soul alive?' 'e'd say. 'Is voice come bubblin' up thick; I could see 'is teeth grinnin', but they never moved when 'e spoke. I could see where 'is lips used to be. 'You've sent me to 'ell, Tom,' 'e'd say, 'an' I'll send you—when it's time. An' you'll be alone, my lad, same as I am; everyone's alone in 'ell. Give me a kiss,' 'e'd say, sudden-like. 'Just a kiss before you go! We're brothers, ain't we, an' we've not kissed not since we was babies.' Then 'e'd make as if to drag me down to kiss 'im w'ere 'is lips used to be. . . . An' I'd run away, shakin' myself an' 'owlin' like a dog. But there come a time when I wasn't sharp enough. . . ."

Down to the left, shaded by pines, gloomed the quiet pool in full view. Near it stood a small white house; not the one which I was seeking, surely, for it was uninhabited and half ruined. The corpse of a house; a corpse which had died in an evil mood, and bore in every mean, pallid lineament the stamp of hate. At this point I lost the shining landscape beyond; my universe narrowed to hold three things only: the leprous house, the stagnant water, the semblance of a little man now

staring full-faced at me. It was black and green like a rotten log, and its eyes were pin-points of hell; and the yellow teeth, bare to the root, were tightly clenched while it spoke.

" 'E meant business at last, that time," said the thick guttural voice, which seemed to shake out from the air a greenish vapour that ran liquid and swam before me, and dulled, without quenching, the brilliance of those two glimmering pin-points. There came with it, on that hottest of hot days, a wave of deadly cold, which set me sobbing, which filled my throat and ears, and strangled my labouring heart.

" 'E got 'is arm round my neck, an' drew me down. An' I kissed 'im. I *'ad* to do it."

The greenish vapour turned red, then blackened, and suddenly was gone.

" I'm afraid you're not very well," sweetly suggested the elder of the two young ladies—the unshingled one.

They were grey-eyed, ivory-cheeked and cool, in frocks of lavender-blue. Behind them smiled the white cottage, a picture of rose-wreathed prettiness; near it the innocent water reflected the placid trees and summer sky.

" I'm cold ! " I moaned stupidly, one hand at my aching throat.

" Cold ! " they burst out. " Why, it's the hottest day——."

" *Camilla !* " The elder girl recovered herself first, and somewhat unfairly but charmingly rebuked her junior. " Remember, a customer's *always* right. You *are* a customer, aren't you ? " This, very appealingly, to me. " And you only meant, didn't you, that you'd rather have tea than lemonade ? "

They led me into their rustic parlour, with the high-backed settle and gleaming brasses. I was weak and tremulous and broken. But as warmth and strength and tranquillity returned, there faded from me that lingering vision of the little man tramping his round again.

The Myth of the Modern Woman

By Dr. Meyrick Booth

How often have we not heard the legend of the weak, sentimental Victorian female and her supposed immeasurable inferiority as compared with the robust women of the present day?

So often has this tale been dinned into our ears that we have come to accept its truth without question. Yet upon what a thin basis of fact does this whole assertion rest! Many of us, looking back in the history of our own families, know well what energetic and capable people these now so despised Victorian women really were.

As I write these words, I recall an old lady who died some ten years ago. When a young girl, she had mastered French, Latin and Greek before the age of eighteen, while in addition possessing a domestic training far superior to that of the modern girl. After her marriage, when she was twenty, she brought up, on a small income, a family of eight children, all of whom turned out well, and two of them brilliantly. With the help of one servant she ran the whole household and looked after an invalid husband. She was one of the most resolute and vigorous personalities I have ever met. At the age of eighty-four she was still full of intellectual life and fire. In the next house lived another old lady, who had also reared a large family, while at the same time pursuing studies far beyond the range of most girls of today.

Did space allow, I could multiply such instances by a hundred. I submit that the entire conception of the modern girl as a person of exceptional powers compared with her grandmother is a pure myth.

In one line—the pursuit of athletics—the present-day girl can really score a few points over the women of the Victorian era. But is it in the least important that girls should excel at athletics? In what way does their proficiency on the playing fields advance the interests of the nation? It may be said that we are thus building up a generation of sturdy women who will be ideal

mothers for the future children of England. This is pure hypothesis. The evidence points in quite another direction. In a paper of today I see that questions have been asked in Parliament as to the reason for the continued serious mortality of women in childbirth. It seems that, in spite of the great improvements in general hygiene, the maternity statistics remain inexplicably high.* Further, many of the foremost medical authorities have expressed the opinion that the typical modern woman, the product of the masculinized girls' schools of today, is strikingly unfitted for maternity; and such a well-known authority as Mr. Havelock Ellis tells us that violent sports of the sort now universally carried on in girls' schools are seriously detrimental to woman's health in later years when the difficulties of maternity have to be faced. There is a very strong case to be made out for the view that the whole training of the modern girl (which is directed towards fitting her for economic independence along masculine lines) tends powerfully to unfit her for her racial task.

The best test of a man's quality is not his skill at games, but his efficiency in his own proper sphere of work. We ask of a bricklayer, in the first place, that he should lay bricks well and quickly, not that he should shine as a fast bowler—although we may have no objection to his being a light of the local cricket club when his work has been done. The same argument can be applied to our girls. Let them, in the first place, show us their much-boasted strength in their own peculiar sphere of wifehood, motherhood and home-making. Their achievements on the hockey field or the tennis court only interest us (unless we have lost all sense of racial values) in a very secondary degree. England got on very well indeed without sporting women. She cannot get on at all without home-building women. Perhaps the battle of Waterloo was won because the Duke of Wellington's mother kept away from the playing fields!

Are we not suffering from a fundamental error and confusion which has crept in through ignoring too much the natural distinctions of sex? These distinctions are

* The following figures will be of interest:—Deaths from childbirth per 1,000 births: 1917, 3·8; 1918, 3·8; 1924, 3·9; 1925, 4·1; 1926, 4·1.

part of the structure of life, and can never be safely ignored or minimized.

What is a sign of strength in a man may be a symptom of weakness in a woman! It is needful for the supreme purpose of evolution that men should have the kind of strength required for ploughing the earth and sailing the seas. That women should develop the particular sort of physique and nervous system that such activities demand is in no way part of Nature's scheme. Man's primary function is to create food and wealth for the community; while woman's primary function is to bear and rear the children of the community. The complexities of modern super-civilization have not essentially altered these fundamental realities, although they have so obscured their significance that many civilized people have lost sight of the healthy norms of sex relationship. The true test of a woman's strength is her capacity to produce vigorous offspring without undue strain or suffering. Other tests are not tests at all. If a woman is healthy in other ways but not in this way, then she is not truly healthy.

Against true sex equality I have nothing to say. But there is a very dangerous and misleading idea of equality which consists in believing that whatever can be done by men can and should be done by women, too. This is pernicious nonsense. A woman loses nothing of her value and dignity by admitting that there are departments of life which Nature has delegated to men, just as every man will admit that he is quite unfitted for the hundred and one tasks connected with maternity or with nursing, for which women are admirably adapted. To interpret sex equality as sex identity is to introduce an element of confusion into our scheme of social values, the evil results of which will be far-reaching.

It is a curious sign of the age that while effeminacy in men meets with swift condemnation, nobody takes exception to the masculinity of women. Yet if we regard the essence of decadence as being departure from true type, the latter is no less serious than the former. The healthy community draws much of its power from the polarity of sex, from the action and reaction of male and female elements. In the modern world the masculine

side of life dominates the field to such an extent that women increasingly tend to derive their values from the opposite sex, and society is deprived of the full antithesis of male and female.

It will be urged in some quarters that, owing to the changed conditions of civilization, woman's task of maternity has become comparatively unimportant. The modern state no longer needs large families, it may be said; moreover, a considerable proportion of girls do not marry at all. It is thus quite out of date to attach a leading significance to woman's fitness for maternity, either physical or mental. All such arguments as these reveal a deplorable superficiality of outlook. Even under the most perfect hygienic conditions an average of at least three (as a matter of fact, some 3·75) children per family is needed to keep up the race. If these are to be of the best possible physique, a complete fitness for maternity on the part of the mother is absolutely essential. If families are small, it is all the more important that the quality of the children should be as high as is humanly possible. Indeed, under a system of small families the thorough training of girls for maternity is more essential than it was when families were larger, since then a considerable proportion of babies died in infancy, thus producing a rough survival of the fit. With a lower death-rate amongst young children, more responsibility falls upon the mothers to secure the highest possible quality of child, since many now survive who would formerly have been weeded out by disease. Again, the fact that a large section of girls do not marry at all can be no argument against the supreme importance of maternity in the life of the nation, although I am willing to admit that it increases the difficulties of the educator and parent.

This brings me to one of my most important points. The weak point in the modern education of girls is the fact that because some of them do not marry they are educated as if none of them would ever do so. The aim of the girls' high school is education for celibate careers. These schools are run in the interests of the non-marrying type of girl. Thousands of mothers of daughters up and down the country will corroborate these words.

Yet the future of England does not rest with these non-marrying girls, but with the others, fortunately still in the majority, who do marry. From the point of view of national interests girls' schools must aim at fitting girls in every way for their racial tasks. A people is doomed which allows its young women to be trained along lines which detract from their efficiency as potential race-builders.

Is it said that the girls of today are forced into the market-place purely by economic necessity? The answer to this argument is to make it clear that we are here caught in a vicious circle. The more girls are trained to compete with (and often to undercut) men, the more difficult becomes home-life and marriage for the men of the nation, and thus the more girls are driven into celibate careers. There is an immense amount of popular ignorance on this matter. I have frequently met people who believed that there were two or more girls for every young man in modern England, and who were firmly convinced that it was mainly the lack of men which drove so many women into celibate careers. Pure ignorance of facts is at the bottom of such beliefs. There are really some ninety men for every one hundred women (taking marriageable ages). It is not the scarcity of potential husbands but the perverted social scheme by which millions of women are doing men's work which prevents women from marrying.

The myth of the modern woman rests upon the idea that women have "advanced" because they now do so many things formerly done by men, and are stronger and more capable than Victorian women in such matters as sport or business.

The girl of today has fallen under the spell of masculine life-ideals. With all her talk of independence she is far more dependent upon man-made standards than was her grandmother. She over-values all that is masculine, such as sport or politics, and absurdly under-values all that is typically feminine, such as family life, maternity or social duties. It is the triumph of male standards which has given rise to the widespread belief that the girl of today is a superior being as compared with the girl of fifty or a hundred years ago.

A Garden in Selangor

By E. Washburne Wright

His name was Papang, and his face was brown and withered like an old apple. He came from Java, where all *k'buns* (gardeners) come from. But that was long ago—longer, in fact, than he could remember. He appeared one morning at the door, with a handful of letters so soiled and tattered it was difficult to read them. They were from people in Perak, and Negri Sembilan, and one was from Malacca. They all said that the bearer, Papang, had a great knowledge of gardening and was a faithful worker. The letter from Malacca added that he had a most cheerful disposition.

We engaged him on the spot, and you might say he melted into his surroundings. He had a curious way of seeming to belong to the out-of-door world. He wore an old sarong that was any colour originally, but the sun and rain had faded it to a sort of earth colour. His hat was wide and sun-bleached, and looked like a huge mushroom. Altogether he made one think of a great toad or some slow-moving earth-creature drowsing about the garden.

He had little to say, but was always ready with a smile—the kindliest, gentlest sort of smile, that made his face wonderfully sweet. It had a curious way, too, of deepening all the lines in his face. And one felt that he must have smiled all his life, for these lines were very deep. You always found yourself smiling back, quite unconsciously—but somehow you could not help it.

He was true to his letters and proved a tireless worker—which, of course, is most unusual to a Javanese or for any of the brown Archipelago people. But he seemed to love the hot sun and the earth and all that came out of it. He had a way of bringing things out of the earth that was marvellous. His seeds seemed to sprout almost before they were in the ground, and in an incredibly short time were cutting their teeth in rows of tiny green points.

Every day he watered them and, while they were young, kept them shaded with a thatching of palm leaves. Otherwise the sun would have scorched them in no time.

The first thing you knew, these tiny shoots were inches high, with leaves unfolding as you looked. They grew so fast that the earth about them seemed breaking, and any day you expected to see them leap out of the ground with their roots after them. Soon they would press their heads against the thatching and some would push through the cracks. Then Papang knew they were strong enough to face the sun, and took away the palm leaves.

They stood in long, delicate, green rows, very pale and fragile-looking, and Papang tied each to a tiny stick. This first day of real sunshine made them gasp, and they leaned against their props and looked almost helpless. But a shower would come that evening, and the morning would find them crisp and ready to face the sun again. A few days later, and a still fiercer energy had entered them, and they broke into their first blossoming. Then they filled out and became mature plants, and Papang left them to themselves.

It was the same story with everything he touched. He pressed and patted a slip into the ground—and it was a bush with birds nesting in its branches. He planted a row of barren stumps—and with the speed of Aaron's rod they put forth leaves and became trees. His vines reached out a hundred hands and pulled after them great trains of green. He grafted a bough of alamandus, and it seemed no time before the great, limp, yellow, velvet blossoms were falling in the driveway.

When his bougainvillæa was in bloom, people came to see it. This had always been a landmark in the garden. But under Papang's care it grew to be a superb thing—a solid mass of purple-pink, a strange, intense colour before which other flowers paled. But when the purple leaves began to fall, there were other things to take its place—the tangled, graceful Honolulu creeper with its pink hanging clusters, and the passion-vine that covered one end of the veranda with a mass of shining leaves and glowing, mysterious blossoms. There were other vines

here, also, one with tiny delicate flowers that looked like yellow fringe, and a long trail of old-fashioned bleeding-hearts, the white sort, with bright red centres.

Our garden was never empty while Papang was there. When other gardens drew breath for a fresh blossoming, ours flamed suddenly with marigolds—glorious, orange-headed flowers, drunk with sunshine and colour, and giving a pungent whiff of health to the over-scented air. Or else a ring of sunflowers blazed around a bed of blossomless plants.

Papang was never idle. When he was not planting and trimming and working in the garden, you would find him on the back veranda fashioning curious little cages and boxes for orchids—bits of bamboo sliced together and filled with moss, and big half coconut-shells. The orchids he brought from the jungle, and the boxes and baskets hung in a shaded passage-way. They were straggling, untidy-looking plants, and seldom bloomed. Only once a scorpion blossomed—a sprawling, spidery, yellow flower it was, with vicious-looking black spots. It looked so like a live thing that I was not sorry when it finally died. Once or twice a cluster of delicate lilac flowers came out—kinta-weed, they called them—and they grew from the ground. But the orchids were not a great success.

Many other plants came from the jungle, big ferns and small palms. Probably the maidenhairs came from there originally. But many generations and long training had made a different plant of them. We had dozens, almost hundreds of these, on a wide shelf running along the inside of the veranda, and in corners, massed on Papang's bamboo stands. They grew bigger and fuller than most maidenhairs, but were as fine and delicate as lace, with crisp black stems. They were sturdy plants, and did not rust along the edges and shrivel up when picked. Papang took great pains with them, and they made the side veranda the coolest, most attractive-looking spot in the bungalow.

There were other plants as well on the verandas, but nothing so massed and distinct as the ferns. Some Eucharist lilies grew in pots, with quantities of dark-green leaves. They had white, star-like flowers, five as a

rule, that blossomed together on a big centre stalk. Near these stood a big peach-coloured hibiscus. This really belonged to the garden and, as a matter of fact, went there eventually.

Then there was a transient company of plants and flowers that Papang brought to the verandas for a month or two of shade and change. There were caladiums—lovely plants that bore no blossoms, but the leaves were almost as beautiful as flowers, deep pink in the centre with deeper pink veins, and fading out through every shade of rose to the edge, which was palest green. The more mature leaves were deeper pink to red, with spots of green and dark-green edges. Some of the new, unopened leaves were all a deep rose, with a tiny line of green. The stalks were long and graceful, and so transparent that you could see the pink sap running to the leaves.

Another plant that had no flower grew very big, and its leaves were covered with splashes and blotches of white and pale yellow. The stem looked like a green rope, and sometimes it twisted into curious curves and made the plant grow in all directions. We had deep rows of these lining the steps on the front veranda. They seemed connected with the crotons in some way, though they were a much more distinguished plant.

Sometimes a croton got on the veranda by mistake—but not very often. All *k'buns* seem to have a passion for crotons, even Papang, and it is difficult to escape them. We made a compromise, however, and hunted out every croton on the place and put them together in a huge bed on the farthest lawn. There were yellow crotons and orange crotons, and red ones and green ones, and deep wine-coloured ones. There were green crotons with yellow edges, and green with yellow splashes, and dull maroon ones with tracings of cream, and cream with flecks and lines of green. These colours were combined in every possible way, and the great mass of them against the green lawn was decidedly effective. But solitary crotons, and crotons planted about houses, as you see them in every direction, are objectionable and to be avoided.

In one corner of the veranda is a little group of tea-roses. These Papang is warned not to neglect. But

they do not flourish. No temperate flowers seem to. Violets, of course, are out of the question. Once we had some nasturtium seeds sent from home, and some sweet-peas. With fear and trembling they were planted on the shady side of the bungalow, and were sheltered on all sides by a thatching of dead palm leaves. The seeds came up in no time—the sweet-peas first. They simply tore into existence. They seemed to grow yards every day. It was a desperate race that they were in a hurry to be over and done with. They climbed over their sticks and grabbed at strings tied to the veranda. They grew long and thin and stringy, and with a final effort reached the veranda railing, and ended in thread-like tendrils. Then all together they turned yellow, and Papang had to take them up.

The nasturtiums did better. They, too, were not slow to leave the soil, and they grew amazingly. But they took time to put out numberless tiny round leaves, much smaller than normal nasturtiums. Some of them even blossomed—pale, puny flowers that withered up immediately. This seemed to take their final vitality, and in a short time they had followed the sweet-peas.

After this we gave up trying to make temperate things grow, except the roses, and in a way they were tropical, for they came of an old rose family in the Lurut Hills. They were nothing like home roses, of course, and the blossoms had the pale, delicate look of little home babies born here. Still, they were sturdy enough and lived for days in the drawing-room in a glass dish.

There were many things on the verandas and in the garden whose names none of us knew—curiously tangled vines with small, brilliant flowers, and plants with vivid, odd-shaped leaves, and shrubs unlike anything we had ever seen.

Strangely enough, Papang was ignorant of the names, not only of these plants, but of nearly everything that grew in the garden. Yet he knew the habit of all these plants, what soil was best for them, how much or how little sun they would stand. In fact, he knew everything about them, except their names, of which he had not half a dozen to attach to the simplest things that bloomed in the garden.

He seemed to know things by the look, and smell, and feel. He carried their image in his mind much as a dog does, or a horse, or any intelligent four-legged animal. He could distinguish between plants that to everyone else had identical shape and colour. He made long pilgrimages into the jungle and returned laden with rare plant life that had escaped the most skilled search. He was death to every variety of bug life, and knew just which bug would attack which plant. But they never did much damage, for Papang brewed strange compounds that killed them at their earliest onslaught.

There seemed to be nothing he did not know about life springing from the soil. It was in his blood, and had been in the blood of hundreds of Papangs before him—generations of *k'buns* who had worked and lived and died in the midst of jungles and gardens and the marvels of growing life; who knew things, not by their names, but by their spirit, unerringly, and with a great love and passion for them all.

There was little system about our garden. Things grew anyway and anywhere, and it doubtless seemed to passers-by a sort of wilderness. But Papang had a great respect for life, and we had a great respect for Papang; so things grew as they pleased.

Before we came someone had planted in the four corners of the garden four flames-of-the-forest. They were huge trees, with great red flowers gleaming all through them. These flowers had little scent and looked like bits of tissue paper. It was the same with many of our plants and flowers. They grew because they could not help themselves, and they ended in a blaze of colour that was not fragrant, nor delicate, nor very nice to look at —a sort of extra burst of energy on Nature's part.

We had a number of these things, principally because they insisted upon growing. Without any planning, either, we had a grove of casuarinas, spirit-trees, in the midst of them. They were beautiful, feathery, uncanny trees that reached very high and bent and swayed like great ferns. The tiniest breeze stirred them. All day long they were filled with murmurings, and at night you could hear them babbling to themselves and to the moon, and to the Southern Cross. They were mysterious,

lovely trees—quite out of place where they were, but lovely just the same.

There were palms scattered everywhere—sago-palms, coconuts, and one ugly travellers' palm that flared out like a fan. Some of the sticks of this were always getting rusty and hanging down and making its corner look untidy. Behind the house were some areca palms, the betel-nut sort—tall, thin-bodied trees with a top-knot of leaves and a noisy habit of dropping nuts at night.

There was another palm, too. We could never discover what kind it was. It was almost hidden under a vine that draped it like a sort of petticoat below and tight about the top like an old-fashioned basque. There was a palm close beside it, growing out of the mass of green, shaped like a parasol. At a distance this looked for all the world like a woman trailing across the lawn with an open sunshade.

We were shut off from the road, and the herds going to graze, and the rest of the world, by a high bamboo hedge. It was very old and very thick, and had been trimmed and cut years before we lived behind it. Once a month Papang brought two other *k'buns* to help clip it. They hacked away at the loose sprays with murderous-looking knives with curved blades and heavy handles. These men kept the grass short, and brought down their sickles so slowly and carefully that it was always a surprise to see the grass fall.

One autumn the monsoon was very late in changing. The result was a month of almost unbearable heat. Every morning opened with a blazing sky and a steady downpour of heat that lasted all day. In the evening a few clouds would gather and then disappear. The ground grew hard as iron. When the herds passed they raised such clouds of dust you could not see them. The garden grew terribly scorched: even the veranda plants drooped, and great pieces of the hedge turned brown and it looked as though it had been burned. It seemed that the rains would never come. And people were ill everywhere.

One noon, without any warning, the sky grew suddenly black. Then it seemed to crack and great torrents fell. The rain beat down in sheets for solid hours. When it stopped, people ran out in the roads and saw a sort of

steam rising out of the earth. But it was gloriously cool and the air so clean and washed that everyone seemed glad to sit quiet for a time and breathe it, and watch the water tearing along the ditches and dripping off the trees. It was cool for a month after this, and the rain came regularly every evening.

One morning Papang did not come. This had never happened before, and we sent to the native village. Papang was there and, as we had feared, very ill. He would not let us get a doctor, he would not touch medicine of any sort. He was very quiet about it, very gentle. But he refused absolutely to do anything for himself. He knew he was dying—he said so—but he was ready to die. He was an old man, he said, and his work was finished. And it was.

Two days after we heard a strange murmuring and beating of gongs coming down the road. We could see a straggling crowd of people—some Malays, the *k'bums*, our house peon and a handful of Chinese. They were singing a shrill sort of chant and scattering papers along the road. Four great fellows strode ahead with a burden on their shoulders. Behind them came two Malays with a gong. Then we got a whiff of incense, and they passed on down the road.

For a long time we caught broken snatches of sound—and the booming of the gong. Then it all died away—and the garden stretching about us seemed suddenly grown empty and desolate.

A Pacific Hurricane

By J. R. Grey

We live on an island in the South Pacific. It is mountainous and beautiful, indented on the north side by two bays about one and a half miles deep by half a mile wide. The island is surrounded by a barrier reef of coral, with frequent openings into the sheltered water inside.

Our plantation is on the hillside overlooking one of these bays; and our house, with foot-thick concrete walls, is right on the water's edge and only a few feet above high-water mark.

About half a mile away, and near the head of the bay, is a small, sandy cove, with deep water close in, which is overlooked by the house of our friends who own the adjoining plantation. In this cove lie our respective yachts, at their moorings.

Our friends had just completed their house and invited us to spend the New Year with them. New Year is the special festival of the Chinese, so we gave our servants a four-days' holiday, put our suitcase in the dinghy, and rowed down in time for tea.

Shortly afterwards a very strong wind came up the bay, accompanied by terrific rain. We congratulated ourselves on the snugness of our yachts' anchorage, as all the squalls drove past the cove, missing our boats by about fifty yards.

Just before dark the wind had increased to such an extent, and the weather looked so threatening, that we thought it wise to go off to the vessels and send an anchor ahead of them, just to be on the safe side. We did so, and returned to the house for a bath and change before dinner. By 8 p.m. the wind was slowly but surely increasing to hurricane force, and the heavier squalls were beginning to curve into the snug cove, bringing a nasty sea.

We were getting very alarmed about our house, as it was in a more exposed position than the one in which we were staying. My friend had a petrol hurricane lamp,

which was advertised to be absolutely hurricane proof. We lit this, and he and I started out together to walk along to our house to see if it was still standing, leaving our worried wives behind. The lamp gave a most brilliant light which showed our yachts pitching and rolling in the now heavy sea, and we hoped they would hold on until daylight, as nothing further could be done for them until then. We struggled on in the blinding, stinging rain, along what had once been the road, but was now a labyrinth of fallen trees and washouts, until we had covered about half the distance, when, with a most hair-raising howl, a terrific squall burst on us. We clasped each other tight and crouched down with our backs to the wind and sheltered the lamp as well as possible. In the middle of the squall it blew out, leaving us in inky blackness and in a most horrible position. After what seemed about half an hour, but was really a few seconds, the lamp flickered into life and burned brightly again—the heat of the mantles and generator had been sufficient to ignite the petrol vapour. We shouted our thankfulness into each other's ears and staggered on until we heard the next squall coming, and then crouched down once more.

Finally, we reached our house and found it standing, but all the windows on the north and west sides had blown in and the place was a mass of glass, clothes, books, and rainwater. We got some lengths of plank and, after great labour, managed to nail up the gaps roughly, in the hope of saving the roof, which was of shingles directly on to planks—no ceiling, for airiness' sake—and whose ridge was twenty-six feet above the floor. Fortunately we had not built with wide eaves common in the tropics, so there was no fear of the roof being stripped off from the outside. If we could keep some of the wind out of the house we hoped all would be well, especially as there was not a continuous wall on the south side, but an open dining-room leading straight on to the veranda, so that any wind that did get in could rush straight through instead of being forced up into the roof.

We were both unashamedly frightened of the return journey along that dreadful road, with trees falling about us and coconut leaves fifteen feet long and weighing about thirty pounds, blowing about like feathers. When

we were ready to leave, we crouched behind the house wall, waiting for a lull before making the first dash. When it came we joined hands and ran as fast as we could for, perhaps, sixty yards; then, when the next squall arrived, we crouched and sheltered the lamp. This was repeated all the way home, where we were thankful to arrive uninjured. Our wives had been very anxious for our safety, and had been scared by a sudden, awful crash of iron roofing as a shed near the house blew away.

The wind was still increasing, the squalls were becoming more frequent, and the rain was incessant. Coconut palms were falling, and we were extremely frightened of two that were directly to windward of the house. We dragged mattresses into the living-room and lay there, as it was the room safest from falling trees. The house shook and rattled, and the medley of sounds from things blowing about on the concrete floor under the house, and the shrieking of the wind, caused a horrible din. Sleep was out of the question.

At the glimmer of daylight we were thankful to see our yachts still riding to their moorings. We could not send any more anchors ahead of them, as the wind and sea were so heavy that it was impossible to pull against them. The only chance was to get a heavy warp from each yacht to the shore and attach it to a tree on the north horn of the bay. We coiled some seventy fathoms of light line on the beach, making one end fast to the dinghy, which I dragged through the shoal water as far to windward of the yacht as possible, and then stood in about four feet of water waiting for an opportunity to put off. At the end of a squall I jumped in and rowed out across the bow of one of the yachts, expecting every moment to be swamped or capsized, but, with great good luck, avoided either. As I neared the yacht she jumped out on a sea, and then her forefoot plunged down, looking as if it meant to cut the dinghy in half. I managed to grab the starboard shrouds, and leapt out of the dinghy on to the deck, taking the light line with me. The next thing was to get a heavy warp out of the locker, coil it on deck, bend the light line to one end, and signal to my friend on shore, who had been crouching under the lee of a tree trunk, with palms and branches falling around

his head, to haul the line ashore. He did so and made fast. I then bailed most of the water out of the dinghy and got safely ashore. We hauled the warp as tight as possible, and made it fast to a very large tree on the edge of the beach. The whole process had to be repeated for the safety of the other yacht. Fortunately, both operations were completed without accident.

We ran the gauntlet of falling branches and returned to the house for some breakfast. That being finished, we had nothing to do but sit about waiting for the house to blow away, or for the wind to abate. It was so terrific, and the rain so heavy—forty inches had fallen already—that it seemed impossible that it could continue, but it did so hour after hour, incredibly increasing. We tried to pass the time by playing bridge, but our play was pretty erratic as our attention was frequently distracted by some new sound from without; now it would be the crash and rattle of the iron roof blowing off an outhouse, now the shriek of an extra strong squall—these shrieks were so loud that we saw five palms fall beside the house without being able to hear the crash that their mighty heads must have made.

About 3 p.m. the sea began to break around a canoe and dinghy which had been hauled up in front of the house. They were about six feet above ordinary high-water mark and perfectly safe—so we thought—the previous night. We watched through the window, and when the sea began to lift them up and bang them down on the stones, we two men could not stand it any longer, so shed most of our clothes and prepared to run the twenty yards or so to try to save them from destruction. Just as we were leaving the house a terrific squall came which knocked down two coconut palms. One fell about three feet from the house, and the other across the path which led to the canoe and dinghy. This did not add to our enthusiasm for risking our necks among the trees along the shore, but something had to be done. We dashed down and, after some ten minutes of hard work, dragged the boats clear of the sea, and then regained the shelter of the house. We had no sooner done so when a palm, about fifty feet high, fell across the place where we had been working, and cut the canoe in half. We were

now prepared to abandon the house at almost any moment as, if a tree or branch had breached a hole in the roof or walls, nothing could have saved it. About forty yards from the back door was an enormous fallen mango tree and behind this we would have been able to lie in comparative safety from falling objects. Accordingly, we gathered together a package of food, a few warm clothes, matches in an airtight tin, etc., and kept them ready to seize and run to the big log at a moment's notice.

About 5 p.m. the wind suddenly increased to such fury that we thought everything must go, and we gave up all hope of our yachts living through. Although they were only about a hundred and fifty yards away the rain was so heavy that it was impossible to see them.

We sat about, waiting to get out or be blown out, and were now feeling pretty worn from worry and lack of sleep. We had a scratch meal, and about 7.30 p.m. lay down on the mattresses to try to rest. About midnight the wind suddenly lessened and the rain almost stopped. I was out of the house like a shot and running down the road to see what had happened to our yachts. Incredible as it seemed, they had lived it out and were still pitching at their moorings. With great thankfulness I returned to the house and told the glad news. We all slept then; it was rather a troubled sleep, but, nevertheless, good. At dawn we were sitting at the windows waiting for the light to be strong enough to show us what had happened —and what a sight met our eyes! Not a green leaf was left on the hillsides, which looked exactly as though a fire had passed over them; giant forest trees were torn from the ground and wrenched limb from limb; while across the bay a schooner was lying high and dry on the beach.

We started for our own house, along the almost impassable road, which was strewn with fallen trees and boulders. Half-way we met two wrecked houses, parts of which had been blown for hundreds of yards. Suddenly we turned the corner and, wonder of wonders! our house still stood; windowless and doorless, and in the most dreadful condition inside—not a dry article or inch of wall, floor or even roof; six hundred books soaked and badly damaged, and our clothes a ruin; but it might have been much worse.

A PACIFIC HURRICANE

Our servants' house, about a hundred yards away, had been wrenched out of its concrete foundations and blown bodily through the air until a tree stopped it and broke it in half.

The guns had been blown out of a locked rack, and there were playing-cards stuck on the lining of the roof. Our windows had all been screened against mosquitoes, and these screens were hanging in tatters.

We messed about in the ruins for some time, not knowing where to begin, merely exclaiming at each fresh freak of the wind that we came across, such as the paper stripped off the back of one big picture which still hung on the wall. Finally, we had a breakfast-lunch, consisting mostly of fried sausages and champagne, which made us feel more cheerful.

Of course, the garden and plantation were in a dreadful state; but time, apparently, heals all wounds, and now, a few months later, a stranger would not know that anything had happened. The tattered and damaged trees have grown new leaves and the ruin of fallen branches has been cleared up and burnt, the fallen houses have been rebuilt, and we go on as usual, while Nature, unaided, has healed the scars on the wild hillsides; but we do not want another hurricane.

Sunset at Glencoe

By V. A. Malcolmson

A GOLDEN blaze of tragic glory
Is the Sun's farewell to Earth,
Well he knows her ancient story,
Yet he knows not
If she'll see a morrow's birth.

So he strives to make a sunset
As was never seen before,
And he glories in the effort,
For he may be
Sinking now for evermore.

Thus he pours his radiant treasure
In a welter on the world,
In a welter without measure,
And he wantons
In a flood of red and gold.

Squandering his inheritance
In a mighty holocaust,
Flinging shadows to the distance,
Freely giving
Of his being, counting not the cost.

Silhouetting in the valley
Monster "Shepherds of the Glen,"
Lighting up "Gleann Leac-na-Muidhe"
From Glen Etive
To the cave of Ossian.

From the hump of "Beinn-a-Bheithir"
To the "Bidean-nam-Bian"
From the breast of "Sgor-na-Ciche,"
Past the narrows
To the steeps of "Garbh-bheinn."

Up the haunted "Gleann-an-Deòir"
Towards Schiehallion's lonely peaks,
Hastening over Rannoch Muir,
Penetrating
Distant cities' sordid streets.

Thus he nightly sends his message
To the people of the glen,
To the castle and the cottage,
Swiftly moving
Over forest, field, and fen.

Whispering over plain and prairie
And the water's wintry waste
To the aged and the weary,
"This my greeting"—"Time is fleeting,"
And this night may be the last.

The New Gods

By Geoffrey Johnson

THEY come no more, the lovely faces;
They died, were forgotten long ago—
Hylas and Psyche and the Graces
And white Apollo with his marvellous bow.
Their beauty was broken in high places
By strong new gods of steel and steam—
But nothing the new gods give us retraces
The lost divinity of our dream.

They come no more. But Fate's decision
Gives them their fine avenging hour,
When we who broke them and lack their vision
Would carve us marbles to speed and power:
We grope for beauty; with blind misprision
We echo but faces overthrown—
Their faint old smile of divine derision
Creeps in the curves of the half-hewn stone.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

OPERA

"I'VE been reading in the paper," said Heddle, "where a chap says that we're not a musical nation and——"

"Very likely," answered Sergeant Murphy. "Why wouldn't you? It's a common charge agen this counthry, but generally laid, mind you, by a foreign musician who has given a recital to the whole output of a paper mill. No bricks are thrown at us be the people that fill the Albert Hall.

"Seen at her hotel be our represintative, the prime-ah donah, emergin' from a mass of bokays, declared that she thought British awjences the most wondherful in the worruld and that she was delighted with her reception and the fact that not a dud coin had been offered or taken at the box office."

"This wasn't a foreigner," said Heddle. "This was Sir Thomas Beecham."

"Oh, that fellow," replied the Sergeant. "Why he's been harpin' on the wan sthring as long as I can remimber. He says we're not a musical nation. Well, if we're not, we're not. And the divil a bit of good it'll do to go on tellin' us we're not. I can't sing soprano, and if you kept naggin' at me for twinty years you couldn't get a singin' gullet into me.

"But Sir Thomas's gun is aimed at another bird. What makes him tear his hair is the fact that there are min and women, otherwise sane, who won't camp outside a theatre to hear foreign grand opera. Why should they? Grand opera is caviare to the gineral, but it isn't shown on the private soldier's scale of rations.

"Have you ever seen it, Heddle? You haven't? Well, that's nothing to cry about. Grand opera is a sort of fairy tale set to music. It's a make-believe that doesn't. It's as thrue to life as wan of them American comic sthrips that dignify some of our dailies. That

wouldn't matter if the whole thing was taken as a joke, the way they do it in musical comedy. But no. The proceedin's is carried out as solemn as a meetin' of preferred shareholders that have been made deferred without their consint asked and obtained.

"I remimber goin' to *Faust* and seein' a fellah gettin' a sword-thrust through his interior in a very workman-like way. What does he do? He falls on the stage and leanin' on wan elbow takes the roof off with a song, while the other omadhauns look on as if at such a moment singin' was dee rigoor mortis.

"Thin you have a noisy tenor, as some poet called him, about the size of a tomtit, makin' love to an eldherly soprano, built on the commojius lines of a gasometer, and threatenin' to carry her off, which he couldn't do in a month of Sundays without a crane. I know the woman may sing like an angel, but that doesn't prevint the awjence from wantin' to rise like wan man and forbid the banns.

"Another thing, there's not wan person in every twinty in the theatre know enough Frinch or Italian or German to follow the words, so that you have to thry and learn from the attitude of the singers whether they're makin' love or havin' a slangin' match. If they only had a few snappy sub-titles here and there it might help.

"That's the point, Heddle. With the orchesthra and the singers grand opera would be a threet on the wireless, but, face to face with the performers, a fellah is apt to ask himself if the flyin' hare at the White City wouldn't bring more joy than the *Flyin' Dutchman*.

"Get Kreisler or John McCormick at the Albert Hall, and the walls will bulge out with the crowd that'll get out of sick beds and miss their lunch or Sunday dinner to hear thim. And be the Holy either of thim fellahs with his fiddle or his voice will make you dhream more dhreams in five minutes than all the operatic stars that ever stepped out of a waxworks would do in a year.

"Sir Thomas has made grand opera his hobby. He's welcome to it. But because a man doesn't like salmon—which I meself would swap anny day for a well-done kipper—it doesn't prove he hasn't got an appetite or can't appreciate good food."

Medievalist and Modernist

By Horace Shipp

The Kingdom of God. By G. Martinez Sierra. (Strand.)
Home Chat. By Noel Coward. (Duke of York's.)
He Who Gets Slapped. By Leonid Andreyev. (Everyman.)

If one were in any danger of doubting the diversity of the possible conclusions we are entitled to draw from the contemplation of events and behaviour, these three plays should establish our doubts afresh. A Spaniard, an Englishman, a Russian; a medievalist viewing the world as a vale of tears and seeing salvation only in religion and morality; a modernist, finding it a jolly enough place but damned by morality; a futurist, believing neither in God nor man, hiding from hurt behind a painted laugh and seeing salvation only in death: they provide an interesting contrast in philosophies. Each in his own way is a sincere thinker; medievalist, cynic, and nihilist, each is fundamentally on the side of the angels, and not least Mr. Noel Coward, whose rapier wit as he uses it in his serious work might, in another age, have been hailed as the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

The three pieces have yet another interesting point of comparison to the intelligent theatre-goer as type of production. Again each in its specific genre is fine work. Mr. Anmer Hall and Mr. Filmer have made of the Sierra play something which catches the breath again and again with its quiet beauty; Mr. Basil Dean has perfectly orchestrated and stressed the points of the sparkling modern comedy of manners; and in the Andreyev play there is a stylism which cleverly confesses the surface drama as a mask for meanings and makes marvellous use of the small Everyman stage.

Sierra's drama of the life of consecration and sacrifice is one of the rare, beautiful things of the theatre. We modernists are little likely to accept his attitude or bow to his conclusions. We challenge life rather than accept it as the will of God; we reform society rather than minister to it. Nevertheless, watching this play we are caught up in his alien philosophy and find ourselves looking out on the world of sin and stupidity and materialistic values through the sad eyes of Sister Gracia. That outlook, much more than any concern with her individual

life, is the unity of the play. Nothing since the Tchehov productions has conveyed the loneliness, the detachment, the meaningless futility of individual lives; this play, so entirely dissimilar in its technique and ideas, has some curious affinity with them. Lilian Scaife's acting of Sister Gracia treading the way of renunciation through the asylum for old men, through the home for betrayed women, through the poverty of the orphanage, was a moving piece of work; but, in truth, there was scarcely a character who did not grip the emotions at some point, and even when we were laughing it was, as the proverb would have it, to save ourselves crying. Special honours go to Ivy de Voeux, Dorothy Darke, and Kathleen O'Regan for their playing in the second act.

How different was Mr. Noel Coward's sprightly comedy! The one moment when he caused his heroine to dab her eyes with a tiny handkerchief nearly destroyed his play. Wit, like biscuits, must be kept dry. This story of the married woman who offered a young man the hospitality of her *wagon-lit* and lost her reputation when the train was wrecked, embarking upon a "purity campaign" against the prurient minds of her husband, her relatives, real and in-law, and her friends, is only threatened with "slamp" at rare moments. For the rest, with a consistency that is French rather than English, its author has made it almost brittle in the clarity of its construction and dialogue. We did not believe—Mr. Coward himself did not believe—in Major Alec Stone. He is so obviously a concession to the sentimental theatre public who would not have Janet Ebony fall between two fools. Otherwise it is crystalline.

Home Chat has more than wit; it has wisdom. Mr. Coward's humour is always a little cruel; but this time he has launched it against the priggishness and pomposity of people whose loyalty to conventional ideas outweighs their faith in human character. "They're set on sin" moans Janet, and the whole play is a protest against that attitude of mind. It is not out, one feels, merely to be clever, as some of Noel Coward's work of the middle period seemed to be, but to take a definite point of view.

The production and acting were excellent. Madge Titheradge's performance as Janet was outstanding,

but Nina Boucicault's wise but woolly-minded Mrs. Chilham was a fitting mother to such a daughter, and Arthur Margetson played the friend in fine style. Indeed, there was scarcely a single performance that fell below the best standards, and Mr. Basil Dean is to be congratulated upon the amount he got out of the play.

His task was surprisingly other than that of Mr. Milton Rosmer in producing the Andreyev play at the Everyman Theatre. Here was an external story subtly told of a man who, when his friend has stolen his wife, his hope of fame and all else he holds worthy, becomes the clown in a circus, making mirth by being slapped. There he falls in love with the young equestrienne, and when he finds that she has sold herself for marriage to the hoggish baron, he kills her and himself. As a straight story it is a sound and fascinating melodrama. The producer's difficulty is to convey that it is something more, that the author is projecting under his symbols the tragedy of idealism. To Andreyev mankind itself is He Who Gets Slapped. Love and learning are eternally betrayed, life is too painful unless we are hidden behind the painted laugh of the clown and accept it as a circus wherein beauty is bought and sold, inanity is at a premium, courage is wasted on meaningless bravado, youth and purity are sacrificed, and only death offers any dignity. It is a desperate nihilism, but it has a beauty of its own.

Symbolism is the most difficult of methods in the theatre. We are so used to realism in its various phases that no other means of presentation can win through. A stylized gesture is almost immediately cancelled by some piece of undiluted naturalism, and at last the symbolism becomes merely a confused accompaniment. Mr. Milton Rosmer has suffered from these circumstances in presenting this play, and his own acting as "He" is typical of them; but in spite of that the "otherness" of the play comes through. From a fine cast Miss Gabrielle Casartelli stands out for the beauty of her appearance and the charm of her acting, and Mr. Brember Wills for a finished performance in a bad part.

He Who Gets Slapped is something for the intelligent theatre-going public, and again we are indebted to the Everyman management for its faith.

Books

SCIENCE

MAN IN THE MAKING: AN INTRODUCTION TO ANTHROPOLOGY. By R. R. MARETT. Benn. 6d.

THE DIFFUSION OF CULTURE: THE FRAZER LECTURE IN SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY. By R. R. MARETT. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d.

DR. MARETT is convinced that to make anthropology popular will help to keep it sane, and he contributes notably to that end in this capital little book. He is an expert who has reached the stage when he can simplify the results of his knowledge, and he has a happy wit which shows up his humanity. He remarks that "our savage ancestors were excessively dirty, though they did not realize they were dirty," but made the best of what resources they had. "Their only stand-by was custom, their only maxim 'carry-on.'" Did they not, however, "carry on" more than was judicious? Of human evolution Dr. Marett writes:

> Are the apes and monkeys our poor relatives? I think myself that it would be pure snobbery to deny it.

He is prepared to argue that the cave-man was religious in his way, and early ideas of that sort are well sketched, including magic, a thing not unpractised today. M. Coué, we are told, might have borrowed his method directly from the cave-men of France. All sorts of learned quarrels centre round the definition of magic; Dr. Marett's word *mana* from Polynesia is useful and has now gained a wide currency. The most original chapter is that on "Property" and its meaning to the primitive mind. Elaborate and odd as many of the ways of that mind seem today, we have not, after many centuries, advanced to anything like perfection. "Nature and culture must be joined in true wedlock. . . . At present they are at most betrothed."

It is admitted by specialists in moments of candour that "we must not seek to give to pre-history a precision which it lacks." This quotation is derived from the Frazer lecture in which Dr. Marett shrewdly criticizes the diffusionist theories of Prof. Elliot Smith. As at once an expert and a wit, he makes very pretty play with a dogmatism which has been severely treated elsewhere. Readers who have used Tylor's "Primitive Culture" for years and have rejoiced in the erudition as well as the style of "The Golden Bough," will need more than Prof. Elliot Smith has brought forward to reject them as learned nonsense. Tylor at least produced working principles which have been fruitful in other and later hands. His theory of "animism" was large and somewhat vague, but it was useful, and we are not prepared yet to stigmatize it as "the merest guess" and one "in flagrant defiance of known facts." Dr. Marett points out that Tylor could not consider things that he did not know:

> Apparently Tylor defied these facts in the same way as palæolithic men defied iron tools, the Romans defied railways, and Prof. Elliot

Smith defies the facts which I hope to unearth when I excavate my next dolmen.

The Professor's theories and inductions are striking—all the more for being so confidently proclaimed—and they may prove of value, but it is clear that at present they have not a tithe of the evidence behind them that has led to the flowering of "The Golden Bough." The essential elements of civilization may have originated in Egypt, but to regard this statement as an axiom beyond doubt is to go beyond reasonable ideas of probable truth. There is much else in the work of the diffusionist school which is more engaging to the average reader than satisfying to those who are accustomed to weigh evidence. Dr. Marett has spoken out with the courage of his convictions, and such free speaking is all for the good of science. Since the time of Max Müller one has seen various theories put forward. All have to be tested, and all contribute their mite to the common stock, but no man can ultimately prevail by an *ipse dixit* in the republic of science. In Egypt there are, I have heard, two adjacent schools of learning. One maintains that the earth goes round the sun, the other that the sun goes round the earth. Both have learned teachers, but we know what the evidence of the expert has decided. V. R.

HISTORY OF SCIENCE TEACHING IN ENGLAND. By D. M. TURNER. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

MISS TURNER has got hold of a good subject and has set out a good deal of interesting matter not easily available elsewhere in the course of her survey. Occupying, however, less than 200 pages, she has written rather notes for a book than a book, and is sometimes too concise for easy reading.

The Royal Society, while it has done much for science, has restricted its membership of late years, not including scholars of *Wissenschaft* in the wider German meaning as it did in the nineteenth century. Organized teaching only began to prevail in that century, when science made exaggerated claims to certainty, as is fairly recognized here. The prominence of the amateur in learned studies is marked in this country, and such men—Joule, for instance, a brewer—have done much to advance scientific research. The danger of modern teaching, though it has improved vastly during the last generation, is that it is apt to be too wide and too shallow, producing a "smattering," as Miss Turner remarks. The question, What is the good of science? raised at the end might lead to much further discussion. Gibbon denounced mathematics as "destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence." It is worth while to note that we have men of distinction both in physics and philosophy, and the combination seems both natural and laudable, since science by itself has no morals and takes as readily to poison-gas as it does to coal-tar dyes.

BOOKS

TRAVEL AND ENTERPRISE

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH. By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. The Golden Hind Series. Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

THE life of Captain John Smith, Admiral of New England, is more packed with thrills than that of any hero of fiction—D'Artagnan not excepted—and he began young. During the period of his education at the grammar schools of Alford and Louth, he, "his minde being even then set upon brave adventures, sould his Satchell and bookes and all that he had, intending secretly to get to sea, but his father's death stayed him." Starting, then, from the age of sixteen, we find him a victim of the confidence trick, twice shipwrecked, a pirate of a mild sort (in the Adriatic), a soldier of fortune in Hungary, victor of three single combats (with sword, lance, battleaxe and pistol), wherein he chopped off the head of each of his Turkish opponents, captured by the Krim Tartars (reminiscent of "The Rose and the Ring") and sold into slavery, from which he contrived a miraculous escape to fight Spaniards on the high seas, and, returning home at last, to betake himself to a walking tour in Ireland, a pastime no less perilous than those that had gone before. All this before he was twenty-five, and merely by way of overture to his life-work—the settling of Virginia and New England—by which alone, if at all, he is known to our preoccupied age.

That certain of his contemporaries were moved to cast doubts on the strict veracity of his amazing continental adventures is really not surprising. Amid all the marvels of the early seventeenth century, the spirit of Sir John Mandeville was still abroad, and, presumably, allowed for; but Mr. Keble Chatterton is at pains to show that there is perfectly good evidence in Smith's favour.

His pioneer work in Virginia—patient, unswerving in face of continual treachery, disillusion and peril of death—is, in itself, a noble record of high courage, administrative genius and personal service. Through all he maintains an even, not to say humble, demeanour, judging harshly of no man, though many wrote harshly of him; as witness the attempts, by his enemies, to twist the Pocahontas incident to his discredit on grounds whose flimsiness Mr. A. G. Bradley, among others, has sufficiently exposed. Mr. Keble Chatterton has done well to revive, in this most fascinating volume, the memory of the least-known of great Englishmen, and it should meet with a fitting welcome at the hands of a generation all agog for adventure. The author—and no man is better qualified to do so—gives interesting details of the ocean-going ships of the period, design, rig, composition of crew and the like, which enhance the realism of the narrative.

MACKENZIE AND HIS VOYAGEURS. By A. P. WOOLLACOTT. Dent. 6s.

BORN in the Hebrides in 1763, Alexander Mackenzie was the greatest of the pioneers who opened up the vast unknown country

of North-West Canada. He was the first man to prove that Great Slave Lake emptied its waters into the Arctic Ocean via the river now known by his name. This canoe trip of over 1,000 miles to the Arctic Ocean brought him to the seaboard at mid-summer, and he found that ocean ice-bound: thus disproving, once and for all, in the year 1789, the possibility of the long-sought North-West Passage. He was also the first man to cross Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, which he accomplished, after almost incredible hardships, in 1793. He possessed all the qualities of the great discoverer: patience, courage, great physical endurance, and a foresight and vigilance that never relaxed; besides the inborn gift for managing and leading men. Without being a martinet, he knew how to maintain strict discipline; and that his men followed him through the unknown, encountering dangers of every kind, often half-starved and performing feats of extraordinary endurance, is the highest possible proof of his gifts as a pioneer.

It is largely due to his own reticence that his name is not better known; and Mr. Woollacott has done well to reconstruct in this narrative a story of real achievement which is far more interesting than many a successful novel. While obviously full of admiration for Mackenzie, the author is unfortunately very careless about his dates. Indeed, he is so vague on this point that, even with the aid of large-scale maps, it is impossible to follow accurately the course Mackenzie actually took on his two great voyages of discovery to the Arctic and Pacific Oceans. The one map given in the book is quite useless owing to the smallness of scale. It fills a double page, and stretches from Greenland to the end of the Aleutian Islands; yet only about *one-fifth* of this distance is needed to explain the text! Mr. Woollacott refers to "an occasional flatness in the story" which he attributes to Mackenzie's modesty. To those who, like the reviewer, have some personal acquaintance with exploration in this region, this will not be a matter for surprise. Whether by canoe or trail, day succeeds day with endless monotony: the same forest surrounds one, and there is no song of birds. Occasionally geese or duck are seen, but animals, except at certain points, rarely or never. During several years spent in Canada, British Columbia, and Alaska the reviewer only *saw* one bear, one moose and three caribou, the latter swimming from an island to the mainland—a beautiful sight. The monotony of travel in these regions fully accounts for any "flatness" in Mackenzie's "Voyages," on which this book is based. Mackenzie only recorded what he saw.

It should be pointed out that the author, on page 96, gives an erroneous date for the reaching by Drake of latitude 48° North, as a reference to Mr. Benson's book on Sir Francis Drake will show. There is also a misprint (line 7, page 176) where 127′ 20″ should read 127° 20′.

Despite the minor defects referred to, this book is well worth perusal; and readers will lay it down with a strong sense of admiration for a great, if hitherto all too little known, man. Indeed, Mackenzie is of the magnificent brotherhood to which belong the historic names of Columbus, Magellan, and Drake.

FICTION

RED SKY AT MORNING. By MARGARET KENNEDY. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

BRILLIANTLY written with some pleasant or clever turn on every page, this story describes or shows up the thoughts and ways of the young people of today in literature and art. It has, however, no distinct hero or heroine like the Constant Nymph among the jostling crowd of Bohemians, and records no such achievement as the creation of music above the vulgar taste. The twins, William and Emily, and two cousins present the latest restless generation, and are always at odds with their elders. Home means a place to get away from, full of ill-concealed bickerings or sullen misunderstandings. They are all sick with self-pity,

> Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born.

Full of derision for Victorian ways, they lack the Victorian decision. The twins grow up to be rich, good-looking, and admired by society. William is lured into marriage with a foreign baggage and fosters a communal gathering of ill-assorted artists whose sordid quarrels are worse than the muddle of Sanger's Circus, and finally grow tedious. Emily only escapes her despair about life by proposing to an elderly parson friend, and being forced up to the point of marrying him. But both, it is true, have inherited a taint.

The children, as in "The Constant Nymph," are horribly precocious, and there is the same obsession of sex. In her rather hopeless and infructuous crowd the author finds much for amusing comment. Here, for instance, is the Philistine producer arguing with the recalcitrant playwright:

> And, mind you, I'm not in any way talking against the value of atmosphere. It's necessary in all real dramma. It was a perfectly right instinct of yours to put it in. But a piece of delicate, poetic phantasy ought to be short. . . .

C 3. By RONALD GURNER. Dent. 7s. 6d.

SOMEWHAT tired of the fiction which pictures the restless and flaunting imbecilities of smart sets, we notice with pleasure a story that deals with a vital problem of national education, especially in a vast city like London. What is to be done with a boy who leaves school at fourteen? What can he do or be persuaded to avoid to keep himself on the right path? At that age he is confronted with the gay freedom of the streets and may have

to enter undesirable businesses, because they afford the only chance he can get of making anything. There are boys' clubs and agents eager for good, but they are apt to preach too much, especially the managing "*Dixi, custodiam* woman," as a literary dean called her.

Mr. Gurner has chosen for his story a boy who might have got back to the better life his father enjoyed before marriage to a virago of a barmaid. But the dice were heavily loaded against John Dexter Peverell. His brightness and his consumptive taint were both discerned at school; but later his family broke up. He got work with an employer who objected to his idea of improving his knowledge, and then, mixed up with a bad business he did not understand, he was sent to prison. He was finished by the alluring activity of Communists. The stabbing in the book is quite in the style of the excitable foreigner, but we hope it has not become a common habit among English boys either in moments of passion or calculated revenge.

The scene is South London, and the various figures of the drama are drawn with excellent detail. Today there is often kindness and understanding among authorities, as Mr. Gurner indicates, but the handicaps for a boy of the slums are always great. "C 3" may be called propaganda, but is all the more effective for not thrusting such lecturing upon us. In this respect it is an improvement upon Mr. Gurner's last book, "For Sons of Gentlemen," which became a little one-sided in its zeal.

PATRICIA LACKED A LOVER. By JOHN NORTH. Jarrold. 7s. 6d.

WHAT Patricia really lacked, or thought she missed, was a sufficiently appreciative husband, free from little annoying tricks of manner. So she went off with his pet car. Meanwhile, he himself was whirled into an awkward position, so that both found themselves involved in adventures beyond the control of a respectable friend and solicitor. The plot approaches farce, though it goes here and there frankly into the realities of life. Patricia is a minx with all the attractions of a modern girl, including a gift for rapid motor driving, and the action is well carried on by the author's light and accomplished style. The book suggests that he ought to do a modern comedy for the stage.

HORIZON. By ROBERT CARSE. The Orange Library. Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.

THIS is the first volume in the new "Orange Library," and a good beginning, for there is originality and power in the presentment of Duncan Dunn's fierce pursuit of his dimly imagined "horizon" and his savage impatience with all that may serve to baulk him in what he knows to be a purposeless quest. Born of and among the New England élite, he is expelled from a high-toned educational establishment—it is difficult for an Englishman

to "place" Cedar House—for the smuggling of beer within its precincts; whereupon, surrendering straightway to the roving spirit that is hereditary in him, he ships as A.B. in a super-tramp and comes in due course (via Marseilles) to Barcelona. Here, amid the pomp and circumstance attending the departure of a Spanish regiment for Morocco, he discovers in Flores, a Basque dancing girl of irresistible charm, the first hindrance in his pilgrimage. Thence onward we have the spiritual tug-of-war between the wander-fever and what the world esteems common sense, with love lending a hand more or less impartially on either side. After a period of not unsuccessful drudgery on the staff of a New York newspaper, the hero finds, to his disgust, the horizon problem very definitely settled for him by a conventionally calculating and matter-of-fact young woman called Myra.

The author possesses uncommon descriptive power, and many of his pictures linger in the memory, though an allusion to "the white castlements of the Cornish chalk cliffs" reads disturbingly. He has, too, a distinctive sense of style, overheightened, perhaps, in a first novel like this, and not always enhanced by a spate of unfamiliar nautical terms and words of dubious parentage. It may be suggested that where the blood "races," the heart "pounds" or "thumps," and a Morse-like code of dots and dashes displaces the humble stop on too generous a scale, the effect may approximate less to tenseness than to tedium.

THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY. By MARMION SAVAGE. With an Introduction by BONAMY DOBRÉE. Elkin, Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

MR. DOBRÉE says, in introducing an almost forgotten novelist, that Savage is the literary offspring of Peacock. As such a child, he suggests comparison rather with Richard Cromwell than with the younger Pitt. There are some amusing scenes in this storehouse of bygone humours, and several of the characters are alive; but at least a third of the words could have been advantageously omitted, frequently those which probably pleased the author best—as when he describes his "hero," Peter Barker, as a "baccalaurean cynic," and repeatedly makes a "horsey" jest about a "stable Government." In Laura Smyly, who subdues and marries the honest but cross-grained Peter, Savage has left us as jolly a specimen of intelligent, healthy English girlhood as we are likely to encounter in any number of modern novels. Dean Bedford, the Irish pluralist who lives to eat, drink, sleep, and gossip at Richmond, is of the Folliott and Opimian family, but of far lower mentality. He is just a slothful sybarite whose blushes are due, not to shame of scandal, but to port and champagne. Another clergyman effectively presented is Owlet, an ecclesiastical medievalist described both as a canon and a minor canon—the author might have known the difference.

THE UGLY DUCHESS. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. Secker. 7s. 6d.

IT would be difficult to find any author whose quality is more elusive than the writer of "Jew Süss." In this new work all the old ingredients are here again—the canvas so crowded that one has difficulty in distinguishing the individual, the static method of depicting character, the concentration upon one person, the cancellation of motive after motive in a chronicle of events. We find false history, puppetry for characterization, disregard of all the accepted canons; yet the result is almost a masterpiece. Herr Feuchtwanger creates a world of his own imagination; he fills it with lurid happenings and the Gothic forms of his people. It remains in the memory like some medieval tapestry, and with the same curious unreality as tapestry, the same brilliance of colour, the same two-dimensional recurring figures. And it remains, as "Jew Süss" remains, with an epic splendour too seldom found in the stories of "little lovers who whine and cry" and tend to monopolize the fiction of our time.

HUMOUR AND ENTERTAINMENT

SAUSAGES AND SUNDIALS: A BOOK OF NONSENSE BALLADS. By LANGFORD REED. Illustrations by MURDOCK STIMPSON. Jarrold. 7s. 6d.

ON the evidence of this attractively-printed and merrily-illustrated quarto volume it would appear that its author is more freely inspired as an anthologist of nonsense-verse than as a maker thereof. Of the forty-five or so pieces offered us, there are, perhaps, six which can moderately gratify any true lover of nonsense familiar with the work of the masters in this glorious field of imaginative literature. "The Meanest Man on Earth," "The 'Decline' of the Drama," and "The Project of Pudding-faced Jane" are happy examples of Mr. Reed's fun. The last is one of several "examples in free verse" in which the form of some moderns who cut up prose into unequal lengths and call it poetry is quite fairly guyed. The author has, perhaps, reason to complain that the "Nonsense" provided is not confined to the inside of his volume. It begins on the orange wrapper, whereon we are told that he "has lived up to his reputation—indeed, exceeded it—even greater than was anticipated"; also that "a valuable addition is prominent in the clever illustrations with which this book abounds, and the combination of the two places it apart as a piece of an invaluable collection of present-day geniuses."

PARROT PIE. By W. K. SEYMOUR. Harrap. 5s.

"W.K.S." of "Punch," whose Jackdaw in Georgia pilfers the shining stuff of current poetry and stores it in parody form in the columns of our contemporary, has gathered nearly fifty of these in a book. Prose writer and poet, rebel and traditionalist, best-seller and beloved of the coteries, he sees through their

little tricks and puts them down for our delight. Very often his parodies are in reality serious poems written in the manner of his original; sometimes a single word holds all the burlesque, as in his parody of the Poet Laureate:

> In the golden ways
> Summer in silence wanders;
> The wasps utter her praise,
> A full cow ponders.

Now and again he is guilty of that unworthy form of parody which reflects the surface in mere humorous imitation, and sometimes he essays such people as Anita Loos, who are beyond parody, and so falls short of his originals. Invariably, however, there is enough of literary insight in his work to discount the adjective in Matthew Arnold's description of parody as "this vile art."

SAILS OF GOLD. Edited by LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH. Jarrold. 6s.

FIDDLESTICKS. By DAVID NAYLOR. Illustrated by IAN HASSALL. Diamond Press. 5s.

"SAILS OF GOLD" is one of those generous children's annuals which each Christmas season lay at the feet of youth the best writing and illustration a painstaking editor can provide. It can take its rank with the best. Almost every name in the contents table is that of a known writer, and whether the contributions are prose or verse they keep a high standard. Mrs. Mary Webb's story of "The Cuckoo Clock" is particularly good in its imaginative humour; and even though some contributions seem aimed rather at adults, one is not sure that the older generation should be left out of the fun of the volume. The illustrations are finely done.

"Fiddlesticks," both in writing and illustration, is that queer thing—boys' humour. If it partakes a little, therefore, of the "snails and puppy dogs' tails" which are the accepted elements of small boys, we accept this as it should be. It consists of nonsense verses about Wungles and Gorks and Umpity Birds, with illustrations by Mr. Ian Hassall in the family tradition. An amusing, jolly book for the age which appreciates boisterous nonsense.

GENERAL

BISMARCK, THE TRILOGY OF A FIGHTER. By EMIL LUDWIG. Putnam. 12s. 6d.

IF Herr Ludwig had more scholarship, we might call him the German Philip Guedalla; if he had more poetry, he might rise to be a John Drinkwater. After his studies of Napoleon and the ex-Kaiser, he has turned to the dramatic period of German history, when the unity of that country was consummated.

The preface tells us that Herr Ludwig was impelled to write

the third part of this drama—"Dismissal"—by the refusal of the ex-Kaiser to permit the last volume of Bismarck's "Memoirs" to be issued. With the help of the forbidden book and other unpublished matter he has compounded a dramatic account of the fatal error of the last of the Hohenzollerns. Then he was induced to write two other plays: one on the rise of Bismarck from 1862 to 1864, and the other on the Franco-Prussian war and its culmination when the King of Prussia was recognized as German Emperor. All three plays have been performed with success in Germany; and this is not strange, as they are full of actuality and must appeal to those who love the Fatherland and have no time to read its history, but like to have their vanity flattered.

The name of the translator does not appear either on the title or in the preface; this seems a pity, for the work has been quite adequately performed. The publishers make two bad misprints—one on p. vii, where "ten years" should be "twenty"; another on p. 397, where Rochefort is transported to New "Carolina."

LONDON TRADESMEN. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Foreword by MICHAEL SADLEIR. Elkin, Mathews and Marrot. 12s. 6d.

THE sketches here reprinted for the first time were written by Trollope in 1880, when he was sixty-five. He meant to show that he was not past strenuous work, as Mr. Sadleir points out, and as a burly, independent Englishman, he had things to grumble about. Much of his criticism is still sound, and his observation loses nothing by being tempered with humour. Even in his day trade advertisements came posing as regular letters, and he wondered if the cost of these did not add to the cost of the articles advertised. He shrewdly remarked that, "All the world over, though the money is made by the men, it is spent by the women." We notice an interesting discussion on the rival merits of the sexes as shop assistants and suggestions for improvements which have long since been carried out. The articles show real sympathy for shop workers as well as human disgust at being overcharged. Even the plumber, depressed and depressing, finds a good word said for him; but half a century has not improved his spirits. The last one we met complained that in the winter he did not live, he only lingered. Our idea was that he always lingered, when he condescended to appear. But perhaps in the matter of undeviating honesty he was, and is, not worse than some high-placed folks, as is hinted here. Trollope is wise about the publican, but he does not realize that the chemist's trade is seriously prejudicial to health. Today, anyone following his excellent lead as a writer on shops would have to consider the man of motors instead of the horse-dealer, and the mammoth "Store"—a word to our surprise already used in these papers.

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Christmas Appeals

SHAKESPEARE wrote of the soldier who, after years of war, lost a leg and had no money to buy a wooden one. Today there are still severer losses, more difficult to make up: broken soldiers with haunted nerves perpetually re-live the horrors of the fighting line. Such cases are admirably dealt with by the Ex-Services Welfare Society. The Frederick Milner Industrial Colony at Leatherhead includes a spacious hostel and a busy workshop run on business lines by Thermega, Limited. The name indicates the highly successful invention of a blanket which supplies a steady store of electric heat and is safe and simple to use. On this article men are able to work after a short training and quickly earn a living wage. That achieved, they can live out, if they prefer. This practical institution should appeal to everybody.

The National Institution for the Blind is known everywhere through the splendid energies of its Chairman, Sir Beachcroft Towse. This season it offers a special attraction in a Dickens Ball, on December 14, at the May Fair Hotel, where a parade of many immortal figures is expected. Mr. Pickwick has, as a matter of fact, more than one approximation to his genial appearance in real life. Character Quadrilles are to be danced by members of the Dickens family, and Lady Dickens is the president of an active committee. The Institution gratefully acknowledges a donation of £5 from "Northern."

Dr. Barnardo's Homes do an excellent work in reclaiming the class of children who, as a novel we review this month shows, have so many handicaps to contend with. As Christmas is the children's season, the Homes have a particular right to be remembered now. They gratefully acknowledge £10 from a "Scotswoman." England, please copy.

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